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BY MARY JANE PIERCY.

LONDON:

WARD AND LOCK, 158, FLEET STREET.

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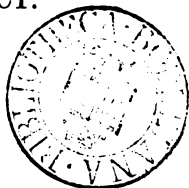
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DEEDS OF GENIUS,

AS EXHIBITED IN

THE LIVES OF EMINENT PERSONS.

BY MARY JANE PIERCY.



Lives of *most* great men remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the *sands* of time.
LONGFELLOW.

LONDON :

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Young Franklin.

Boston is one of the oldest cities in the United States. Its situation, on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean, is singularly attractive and imposing, the town being built on ground rising above a spacious bay, and at the mouth of the river Charles, which is at this point more than half a league in breadth.

Immense meadows planted with forest trees, and ornamented by country houses, stuccoed with a material of dazzling whiteness, extend around the capital of Massachussets, which was also the capital of the American United States, before the city of Washington was built to become the seat of Congress.

Beyond the harbour, one of the most secure in America, are seen twelve or fifteen little islands, all well cultivated, and which appear in the distance like little baskets of verdure floating on the waves.

Like the generality of sea-ports, Boston forms a kind of amphitheatre, in the highest part of which is built the Hôtel de Ville, formerly the States' house. On a hill near this edifice, is raised a simple obelisk, dedicated to the memory of General Warren, one of the heroes of that revolution, the first signal for which was given by the Bostonians, and the consequence of which was the separation from the mother country, of the English colonies of Northern America.

But these two monuments did not exist at the time of the incident we are about to relate, and which we have drawn from the life of that celebrated man, in being the birth-place of whom, Boston may justly be proud. Benjamin Franklin was at once an eminent philosopher, an able diplomatist, and admirable statesman.

In the year 1725, in the lower room of a house, near the bridge which unites Boston with the town of Cambridge, were collected five children, a large Newfoundland dog, a little grey spaniel, and a fine black cat. The supper hour had arrived, although it was yet early evening, and the dim twilight which reigned in the room, was not attributable to the approach of night, but to dark heavy clouds which covered the sky. On this account, the children of Mr. Franklin, (for that was the name of the proprietor of the house into which we have introduced our readers,) had quitted, sooner than usual, their different occupations, which they generally prolonged until the moment of sitting down to the supper-table with their parents.

Whilst the three oldest, for amusement were teasing the Newfoundland and the spaniel, the two youngest a boy of ten years of age, and a little girl of six, remained silent and inactive, the first before the open window, the second in the darkest corner of the room.

Suddenly, Mrs. Franklin joined her children, "What! little idlers," exclaimed she, "have you already given up work?"

"We cannot see to hem our handkerchiefs," replied in one voice, the two older girls, who were sitting with their work resting on their knees.

"Nor I to finish the letter, which my father gave me to copy," said their eldest brother.

"That may be true in regard to your work," said their mother; "but here is Benjamin, who instead of seating himself at the window to watch the rain, might easily have continued, for some time longer, to cut wicks for our manufactory. Do you not know, child, that a grocer, from Charlestown, sent us a large order for candles yesterday?"

"Yes, mother, indeed I do know; for I have spent all the day in boiling coppers of tallow," replied the boy in a tone of vexation, without however turning his attention from his little sister, who still seated in her obscure corner, was amusing herself by stroking the dark shining hair of the cat.

"I knew well," murmured Mrs. Franklin, shaking her head sorrowfully, and speaking to herself rather than to the boy, "I knew well, that when he returned from Cambridge, the trade of chandler would be dis-

gusting to him ; unfortunately, his father would not listen to me."

Cambridge was then the only university in America. "Mother," said Benjamin, "do not regret the year I spent at College. I was so happy to be able to study."

"Yes, but as our humble fortune did not permit us to leave you there a longer time, your studies have been too incomplete, ever to be of real service to you."

"Who knows? Perhaps I may become a master printer like my eldest brother."

"You are a foolish boy, you had much better be a chandler like your father. But why are you watching so attentively your little sister in the corner?"

"I am looking, mother, at the sparks which have been flying from the back of our cat, during the five or six minutes that Moll has been stroking it."

"It is indeed, very strange!" said one of the young girls.

Benjamin continued ; "I have read—in a proof sheet of a treatise on Natural Philosophy, one of my brother's compositors gave me—that this phenomenon is owing to the electric fluid, which——"

Little Franklin was, that instant, interrupted by a tremendous clap of thunder. A cry of terror was uttered simultaneously by Mrs. Franklin, and the children, with the exception of Benjamin, who, with his body half out of the window, was eagerly examining a weathercock, placed on the roof of a neighbouring house.

"Look! look!" he exclaimed, "at the sparks which

glance from the extremities of that weathercock! How singular it is!"

But instead of paying any attention to his words, the brothers and sisters of Benjamin repeated one after another: "The thunder cloud must have been very near us."

"The lightning entered through the chimney, into a room of Mrs. Grey's house opposite," said a servant who was passing, "it then passed out by the window they say, into a tub of water in the court."

"Was this tub bound with iron?" asked little Franklin.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Then the iron attracted the lightning," said the child.

"There is no occasion to read a treatise on Natural Philosophy to know that," said his brother, shrugging his shoulders.

"When we think that there are no means of protection against this fearful lightning!" exclaimed the oldest girl.

"None?" replied the little terrified Moll.

"No, indeed," said Benjamin, "yet some means may exist."

"You will not discover any, I imagine," replied one of the young girls, in a tone of raillery.

"Eh! why not?" answered her little brother, with a serious air, which amused all present; then becoming very indignant at their ridicule, he began to cry. At this moment, Mr. Franklin entered. He enquired

the cause of his little Benjamin's grief, and gave him some money to console him.

Meanwhile, the thunder had ceased, the rain had subsided, and the sky had become clear. The family seated themselves at the supper table; but scarcely had Benjamin swallowed a mouthful, than a pedlar crossed the street, calling aloud for customers.

"I am sorry that the pedlar has not stopped at our house," said Mrs. Franklin, "I want several articles that, I dare say, he will sell cheaper than the shopkeepers in the town."

"Indeed, I want a pocket knife, for I lost mine yesterday," said the eldest boy.

"And I would have bought scissors," added one of his sisters.

"Shall I run after the pedlar, and send him to you?" asked Benjamin, rising hastily from the table.

His offer being accepted, he ran after the hawker, who had stopped to sell his wares. Unfortunately there was not in his collection, either knives or scissors, or household utensils, nothing in fact that was needed by the Franklin family. The stock of the pedlar consisted in games for children, and small musical instruments. Benjamin therefore renounced all idea of sending him to his mother, and mingled with the crowd which surrounded the stranger, and who were desirous to procure, at low prices, either dolls for their little girls, drums or swords for their little boys, or some flutes or flageolets for themselves. Benjamin saw two of his old comrades, collegians from

Cambridge, buy, the one a trumpet, the other a fife, with which they returned to their homes, not however without having exhibited them triumphantly to the young Franklin. The latter, however, did not at first intend to make any purchase for himself. He purposed, with the money which his father had given him, to purchase some old books, which he had discovered at a second-hand book shop, and the titles of which induced him to believe that he should find in them valuable instruction in his favourite science of Natural Philosophy. But an unforeseen accident in a moment disarranged all his plans, and exposed him to a temptation which he knew not how to resist.

The pedlar having finished his sale of the articles of trifling value, which he had first displayed, and seeing himself surrounded by a great number of children who were loudly clamouring for toys, drew from a small box, which he had until then kept in reserve, a dozen whistles, the only musical instruments, he said, which remained.

When this new exhibition took place, young Franklin was slowly turning his steps homewards; but on hearing the sharp sound of the whistles already in possession of many of his little neighbours, he immediately retraced his steps, and drawing from his pocket all the money which his father had lately given him, held it in his open hand before the pedlar, asking him, at the same time, if he had more whistles to sell.

"I have only one remaining," replied the pedlar, "and if you wish to become its possessor, you must

make haste—the son of the baker, whose shop is opposite, told me he was going to ask his father's permission to buy it."

"And you have no other than this?"

"I have not."

"What is the price of it?"

"Half-a-crown."

"Oh! in that case, I am not rich enough to buy it."

"My little friend, you look so genteel and good, that I will sell you the whistle for two shillings."

"It is still too dear for me."

"Bah! you hold in your hand more than two shillings."

"Ah! no, I have only one and ninepence."

"You want threepence to make my charge.—But I see you are very desirous to have my whistle.—I will give it you for your shilling and ninepence.—I can make it up with another customer."

Benjamin who, until then had never made more important purchases than billiard balls for his little companions, gingerbread for his sister Moll, or a top for himself, imagined that the pedlar acted in his regard, with great disinterestedness, thanked him with all his heart, as if he had received a present, and went away after exchanging his little treasure for the whistle. He was so eager to display his acquisition to his brothers and sisters, that in two or three minutes he had reached home. He had, however, passed some time, first in examining the pedlar's stock, then in concluding his bargain, and when he returned, not

only was supper finished, but his brother had gone out, and his little sister to bed. Nevertheless, on entering the house, proud of and enchanted with his purchase, he began to whistle with all his might, on the sharpest note of the instrument.

Immediately, his two eldest sisters, who were chatting by the light of the lamp, threw down their needles and put their fingers to their ears; the black cat, who had been sleeping in the arm-chair, jumped up in great terror on the table, and broke two glasses which had been left there; the dogs began to howl, and little Moll, aroused by the disturbance, sprang up, and called loudly for her mother.

Thunderstruck at the commotion he had caused, Benjamin remained silent and immoveable in the middle of the room, and his father was obliged to ask him three different times, where he had bought his whistle, and how much he had given for it, before he could obtain any reply.

When Mr. Franklin had learnt from his son that the pedlar had allowed him to have, as a favour, this discordant instrument, (the real value of which was, at the most, fourpence,) for a shilling and ninepence, he laughed heartily, and told him he had been duped.

Just at this moment, a librarian, the friend of Franklin's eldest son, entered to pay the family a visit. He held under his arm a little packet of books, which he placed on a chair; during his visit, Benjamin opened one. It was a treatise on Natural Philosophy.

The child sighed, and in his mortification threw his whistle on the ground. But before retiring to bed, he picked it up, and carried it into his room. We can easily imagine that he would never again use it, but he kept it carefully in a drawer with his clothes, and when he felt himself yielding to any foolish desire, he whispered to himself;—

“Benjamin, take care that this be not a second whistle.”

Shortly after, Benjamin's father allowed him to work with his eldest brother, and in a short time he gained employment in a printing office in Philadelphia. Later he became the editor of a Journal, and he first inspired the Philadelphians with the idea of founding a college in their beautiful city. It is well known that to him we are indebted for the introduction and invention of the lightning conductor. But what will for ever render his name famous, is the active share he took in the revolution of his country. A clever negociator, Benjamin Franklin contributed greatly to strengthen the alliance between Louis XVI. and the United States; an enlightened statesman, he displayed his shining abilities in the Congress which framed the American Constitution. In short, he was the friend of those two founders of American Independence, General Washington and the Marquis de Lafayette.

The Golden Pheasant.

ON the Eve of Saint Lawrence, in the year 1719, there was held high festival in the ancient Hall of Montbard, a small village in Burgundy.

This beautiful residence was the country seat of Counsellor Leclerc, who had, for a few weeks withdrawn from his parliamentary duties at Dijon, that he might spend, at his favourite Montbard, the feast of his patron, Saint Lawrence, and also enjoy the mirth of a large party of young guests, whom he had invited thither, to welcome home his only son George from school.

The old Hall rung with the sound of twenty merry voices, nothing was heard from the top of the house to the bottom, from one end of the garden to the other, but jokes and joyous laughter. The relatives of the party, bewildered with the uproar, were occasionally

displeased ; but they soon forgave the merry offenders and the joyous tumult redoubled.

Yet in the midst of this turbulent excitement, the happiness of George was of a calmer character, he appeared grave, and even thoughtful, and with an absent air would frequently wander away from his companions, to the most distant extremity of the garden. There, screened from the grounds by a thick yew tree hedge, was a large flower bed.

The air was redolent with a thousand sweet odours, and plants of every hue and species were flourishing in rich luxuriance. Arrived at this enchanting spot, George soon became absorbed in attentions to the brilliant colony.

If he perceived a poor plant hanging its head to the earth, as if confiding its sufferings to the common mother of vegetation, he gently raised it, gave it water, or freed it from injurious insects. Sometimes, with much apparent wisdom and gravity, our hero would select some plant, perhaps the youngest and most beautiful of all, and with a sudden blow, cut it down, by the side of its blooming companions, who had but a moment before, surrounded and incensed it as a queen ; then picking it up, and tearing it slowly to pieces, he appeared as though he sought to discover some interesting secret under each cicatrice and membrane.

The frequent absence of George, at length aroused the attention of his young friends. The most inquisitive proposed to follow and discover the indefatigable deserter.

This proposal was received with general assent, and each executed his part of the plot so cleverly, that George suddenly saw himself surrounded, questioned, and even ridiculed, just at the moment when, kneeling before a rose tree, he was gazing intently at a notch he had made with his knife in one of its branches.

"Oh, George!" exclaimed a pretty little girl "are there any bonbons hid in these little trees? If you find any, do give me some." "Perhaps it is a magic lantern you are looking at, through that large hole," said a young boy.

"Have you seen the sun, do you see the moon?" shouted a third.

And bursts of merry laughter resounded from the group, George, humbled but for a moment, arose and replying to their raillery, in a short and contemptuous tone said:

"I shall not tell you what I have been looking for here, nor what I have found, because you could not understand me. You, young ladies, eat your bonbons; and you, young gentlemen, admire your magic lantern."

"Flowers," replied the orator of the band, "are certainly very pretty, and smell sweetly, but their society is rather stupid."

George's face flushed with anger, and he hastily exclaimed, "Stupid! Dare not to speak thus of benevolent and industrious nature, the admirable servant of God—to whom you are indebted for that long fair

hair that shelters you from the cold, and of which you are so proud. He who has given you——”

“Oh! of course, I thank God for his gifts and admire the wonders of his Providence, but in regard to these plants——”

“Well!” is not every living breathing thing under his control?”

“What!” exclaimed a young girl, in the greatest astonishment, “do plants breathe, and are they fed like us?”

“Yes, my dear Emma, they have a food which is proper for them, and suitable organs to receive it.”

“Have you seen them eat?”

“No; but I read in a beautiful book, that gives the history of flowers and animals, that it was so, I doubted it, but I tried it and I found it out.”

“But,” continued the incredulous girl, “how did you find it out that the book was true?”

“Ah! that cost me much thought,” replied George proudly, “I reflected on it for more than a fortnight, and now I hope to receive the fruit of my——”

Here the boy was at a loss to find a word sufficiently sonorous, to increase his importance by brilliancy of language.

“Meditations,” suggested a poet in embryo, who had gained the first prize in orthography.

“Meditations—yes.”

“Oh, tell us how you found it out.”

“Yes! do, do!” exclaimed the children in chorus.

“No, no,” replied George, “it would not amuse

you like the magic lantern, and my experiment is not so good as a box of bonbons.

It was very evident that George was wounded by the railery of his companions. Alas! that superiority should be so often sullied by pride! It is the thorn on the rose, the smoke that obscures the brilliant flame. Remember, my dear readers, should you, in future years, attain an elevated rank in science, arts, or literature; remember that a modest great man is doubly great. This may be said without casting the slightest slur on the character displayed, later in life, by the man of genius, whom we have chosen for the hero of our tale. Let us now return to our young friends.

George was entreated, praised, caressed, and he at length consented to reveal the secret, which he had been burning with a desire to impart. Commencing in a dictatorial tone, he said :

"I have told you that plants are fed. You will say that, in such case, they must have mouths, and that you have never seen them."

"No indeed, never."

"And you will not make us believe they have any."

"I will do more, my dear friends, I will show them to you."

"What! will you pretend to show that this rose tree, you just now cut, has a mouth?"

"Perhaps he will, next Easter or Trinity," said the poet.

"This very moment," replied George, "I will show

you, that this rose tree has not one mouth, but a thousand."

"Well, we are impatient to see the wonder," said a little girl, in a sneering tone.

Young Leclerc tore up the little rose tree, and pointing to that part of the stem which had been in the ground, continued,—

"You see this sort of tuft, composed of filaments or threads, each of these acts like a pump, and supplies the plant with necessary nourishment; and these I call the mouths of plants."

A murmur of admiration ran through the circle surrounding George.

"But still," said a young logician, "you must prove this."

"Certainly," continued George, "and now I come to the experiment, which has cost me so much—meditation, you shall all judge whether I have succeeded."

Every head was bent forward in an attitude of the deepest attention, as George raised his voice, and continued :—

"The water which is poured on plants mixes with substances immediately surrounding them, and is absorbed by the roots. I selected two plants exactly alike, but placed at a sufficient distance. Around one, I poured a red liquid, the remainder of which you see in this bottle; around the other plant, I poured pure water. We will now open the two stems, and if we see any difference between them, or any sign revealing the presence of the red liquid in one, I shall have reason to be satisfied, and you also."

Then George, with great gravity and trembling hands, took the first plant and broke it, two or three limpid transparent drops oozed from the stem.* The second plant shared the same fate, but this time George's fingers were slightly stained. He pressed the two extremities of the stem, and from each dropped a rosy pearl.

A frenzied hurrah rewarded this discovery.

It was proved that plants take their meals.

George turned pale, emotion choked his utterance, but had his power to speak been equal to his desire, all attempts to obtain a hearing would have been in vain. The questions, exclamations, and cries of admiration of his friends, would have drowned even the long-wished for sound of the large dinner bell, had not a little incident occurred which at once changed the course of their young imaginations, attracted as they had been, for a moment, by the irresistible spell of science.

Mr. Leclerc's gamekeeper was seen, at this moment, passing the hedge, which we have before said screened the flower-bed. He was carrying something

* THE SAP.—In order that plants may be nourished, food is required. This food, in a crude state enters the roots by a process of *absorption* or *imhibition*; it is then transmitted from one part of the plant to another; by means of the *circulation* or *progressive movement of the sap*; it reaches the leaves, and is there submitted to the action of light and air, which constitutes the function of *respiration*; and thus the fluids are finally fitted for the process of assimilation, and form various vegetable *products* and *secretions*.—BALFOUR'S BOTANY.

under his blouse, which he appeared most anxious to conceal, his attempt however was unsuccessful, for beneath his vestment, was seen a magnificent plume of feathers, in which appeared red and gold mingled with bright blue.

In an instant, the old man was surrounded by the children, and George himself was led on by the general impulse.

"Dear Gerald, show us what you have got there—Look! look at the beautiful plume.—No, it is the tail of a bird.—Oh! how large and handsome it must be!" Such were the exclamations on all sides.

The poor man stupified with the noise, vainly sought to stop both his ears with one hand, the other being occupied with the burden that caused such excitement.

"Silence! dont chatter like so many magpies," said he; "it is a surprise, I have contrived for my master. So, let me go on my way."

"No! indeed, no one passes thus over our ground without paying a fine.—We sentence you to show us your treasure. The fine! the fine! or you shall not pass here."

And twenty little hands, like crab claws, seized the legs and arms of the unfortunate keeper, who saw at once that he was caught in a trap, from which there would be no release but by concession.

"Well, children! since you will have it so," replied he, "if you will promise to restrain your tongues until supper, for there my present will shine, I will gratify your curiosity."

"We all promise, good Gerald—you may be satisfied—we will swear it, if you like—on your head."

The keeper drew from beneath his blouse, a bird nearly as large as a cock, the magnificent plumage of which elicited loud bursts of admiration. Its head of a shining ash colour was surmounted by a little helmet of feathers, its neck was covered with beautiful green feathers, and the rest of the body with silky brown. The tail of the bird shone like a water-spout gilded by the sun.

"What a beautiful parrot!" exclaimed the little girl, who had before displayed her simplicity.

"Foolish child," replied a little boy, who, quite as ignorant, had better have remained silent; "it is a peacock."

"You don't know what you are talking about," added a third, "I have seen one before in the Duke's park."

"Well then, what is the name of the bird?"

Every eye turned instinctively towards George.

The latter went to the keeper with affected indifference, took the bird, and examined it for some time with great attention; at length he said;

"If the engravings in my book are correct, this bird is a golden pheasant. It was first seen on the banks of the Phasis,* from whence it derives its name."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Gerald, "my young master has at once told you the right name of the bird. I

* Or Fez, a river in Asia, running through Mingrelia.

don't however know whether the first pheasant was found on a *vase*, I never heard so before. However, be this as it may, I have killed this bird with my own hands to surprise my master; game is scarce here, and to-morrow is the feast of St. Lawrence, so I shall take it to Martha, who will I hope make a beautiful roast of it."

The children followed the old man into the kitchen, that they might continue to admire the beautiful bird, so mercilessly condemned to the spit."

Great was the joy of Martha at the sight of such a delicate morsel. It was a delightful opportunity for her to practise all the secrets of the culinary art, secrets which she flattered herself she thoroughly possessed. In her joy, she embraced old Gerald, and even the pheasant, who was utterly unconscious of the honour.

"Well," said the keeper, delighted at this first success, "I killed the bird at the first shot, you must now cook it in your best style, and our master will be satisfied. But, I say, Martha, do you remember the pike last year?"

"Ah! my poor pike," sighed Martha, "I have regretted it ever since. I should have made a capital dish of it. Only imagine, children, to keep it fresh I put it in ice. When I wanted to cook it, I found the ice broken——"

"And the pike also," said Gerald laughing.

The children joined in his merriment.

"Yes," replied Martha, "broken, gone, anything

you like, and I have never heard anything of it to this day."

And the poor cook, mournfully, took an enormous pinch of snuff.

"Well, take good care this time," said the keeper, "that my pheasant does not fly away. Ha! ha!"

"Be quite easy, Gerald, the devil is very sly and malicious, but he shan't trick me to-day. This lock will answer for your game, and the key shall never leave my pocket."

After laughing heartily at the adventure, the children resumed their games.

The day appeared as if it would terminate without any other incident, when towards the end of the afternoon, Martha made a sudden irruption into the room, where all were assembled.

Exclamations of surprise welcomed this apparition, and truly the appearance of the good woman justified the universal astonishment.

Her cap only covered one side of her head, over which it was entirely flattened. Her eyes rolled like billiard balls, and her long chin shook like the pendulum of a clock. In one hand she held a basting spoon, and in the other, her empty snuff box.

"Madam," said she, in an agitated voice, to the mistress of the house, "I am come to take my leave of you."

"What! leave us, Martha, after being with us fifteen years? What has happened?"

"Ah! Madam, during the whole fifteen years I

have lived in your house, I have never seen such a thing."

"Well, what have you seen?"

"I have seen——why, I have seen nothing at all! so that makes the thing so frightful, so incredible, I can't understand it."

This scene, although so ridiculous, excited pity; every one thought poor Martha deranged.

"Come, come, my poor Martha," said Madame Leclerc, "try to recollect yourself, and tell me clearly what has happened."

"Nothing has happened to me, Madam, but something happens to everything that comes into my kitchen, and I warn you that your house is bewitched."

"What nonsense you are talking."

"Madam, was the disappearance of the pike last year nonsense?"

"Well! has it come back again?"

"No, but the pheasant has gone to join it."

"The pheasant!"

"Yes, Madam, a pheasant which old Gerald shot; and as the bird was intended to be sent to table, in honour of Saint Lawrence, I prudently shut it up in the large closet. When I wanted to cook the bird I unlocked the door, and —— it was gone."

"Oh, is that all?" said Madame Leclerc, "What a noise about a trifle! A dog has carried off the game, there is the end of the mystery."

"But to do that," said Martha, drawing an imagi-

nary pinch from her empty box, "the dog must have got through the key-hole, for the closet was locked, the key has been in my pocket, and I have never left the kitchen."

If the children had not seen Martha lock up the bird, and take the key, no one would have believed her tale; but as it was, every one went to look at the mysterious closet.

The door was opened and shut twenty times, the lock carefully examined, every corner of the kitchen rigidly investigated, all the dogs summoned, but without the slightest sign, or trace of the truth being discovered.

"It must be the devil," said Martha, "God protect us!"

Madame Leclerc had great difficulty in reassuring her old cook, every one explained the matter according to his own idea, no one believed the opinion of his neighbour, and all separated in the evening completely puzzled.

The mystery was not explained until thirty years had elapsed. During that time, George had seen the doors of the French Academy unfold before his genius. The oration which he pronounced on his entrance, has been and ever will be remarkable amongst academical harangues.

When we speak of George Leclerc as being the author of the most beautiful work on Natural History which we possess; as the founder of the Jardin des Plantes, as the contemporary of Jean

Jacques Rousseau, our readers will at once recognize him as the Count de Buffon, a name deservedly celebrated throughout Europe.

Thirty years after the loss of the pheasant, the learned academician owned himself the guilty cause of poor Martha's grief and terror, for, anxious to observe, at his leisure, the beauties and form of the bird, he had profited by the moment when the cook was taking her daily nap before the fire, to steal her key, and run off with the golden pheasant.

He said nothing of the pike, but we are quite willing to believe that little George was equally desirous to possess it.

Giotto; or, The Lost Lamb.

“Do NOT weep, my child, you will find your dear lamb; and if not, surely your master will not punish you for an involuntary fault!”

Thus spoke two men still in the bloom of youth; who were walking in the suburbs of Ravenna, to a little shepherd boy, who was crying bitterly, because one of his lambs had wandered from the flock.

“Oh! gentlemen,” repeated the poor child trembling, “Gentlemen, my master will beat me.”

“Beat you!” exclaimed the youngest stranger, “beat you: no indeed, I would rather seek it myself.”

And immediately quitting the arm of his companion, who appeared weak and suffering, he rushed into the country followed by the young shepherd, whose sobs increased, as each moment made the search appear more fruitless.

At length a cry of joy was heard, the little wanderer was discovered at the bottom of a dry ditch where it was quietly browsing. In a few moments, the seeker rejoined his companions, and exclaimed joyfully, whilst wiping his heated brow :

“ I have found it ! Poor little boy, he will not be beaten.”

One of these men was Giotto, the great painter ; the other, Dante Alighieri, who had been exiled from Florence, his native country. He had fallen ill at Ravenna, where his only consolation was in the friendship and attentions of Giotto.

“ Well !” said the poet smiling, “ I cannot imagine why you should take such an interest in that lamb ?”

“ Not in the lamb, but in the child,” replied Giotto, “ and this incident brings most vividly to my remembrance, a circumstance which occurred in my youth, You have not forgotten my first profession ; you know that before being what I am, Giotto, the painter, loaded with wealth and honours, I was only a poor shepherd. But in this humble condition, I always felt a spark of the artist’s fire glowing within my breast. I dreamt of nothing but drawings and paintings ; my days were passed in coarsely sketching on stones the surrounding objects, and it frequently happened that, absorbed in the contemplation of nature, or in extacies at some beautiful effect caused by the setting sun, I heedlessly allowed the time to pass, in which I ought to have taken my sheep to the fold. Then followed severe reproof and

unkind treatment, which instead of weaning me from my dreamy existence, only attached me more closely to it, by causing me to fear mankind.

“One day, when I was very busy drawing a detached group of sheep, I forgot the others, who profiting by their liberty, scampered away from the pasturage; and when I had, as I thought, collected them, I found, on counting them, that one was missing; the fattest and most beautiful of the flock!—Imagine my grief and terror, for my master was stern and severe. If I returned, he would beat me—I was always proud as you now know me, and I fled.

“I went home to my parents: my mother seemed disposed to pity me; but my father overwhelmed me with reproaches, and told me he was sure the loss of the sheep was owing to my foolish scribbling, which had distracted my attention from my flock; then, without listening to my entreaties, he sent me back to my master.

“In despair at the obduracy of my father, and not daring to reappear before my master, whom my flight had rendered still more furious, I wandered a long time round about the farm, not daring to enter. At length I seated myself on a large stone near the door, and began to reflect on what I should do. According to custom, I took up a bit of charcoal that happened to be near, and was soon busy sketching on a stone, an oak bursting into foliage, at some little distance, the most beautiful oak I had ever drawn. I had scarcely finished, when I felt a tap on my shoul-

der : ‘ Courage, my child,’ said a kind voice, it is well done, very well, admirable!’ I turned to see who was thus jesting with me. It was Cimabue. I did not know him, but his kind face prejudiced me in his favour ; besides the words he had uttered : ‘ Well done, very well,’ resounded delightfully in my ears, I who had never before heard anything but sarcasms on what I had done. I loved him at once.

“ He perceived my tears, and gently inquired the cause ; I told him my history, and innocently spoke of my hatred for the occupation of shepherd, since it appeared that I could no longer attend to it, and enjoy my favourite pursuit.

“ Cimabue astonished at my answer, and still more at my sketch, offered to take me with him—I consented with joy—the bargain was soon made—I was no favourite with my master, and my father, burdened with a numerous family, was delighted to be freed from all charge of me. I accompanied Cimabue.— You know all I owe to his generous care, and, how from a poor ignorant shepherd, he made me his friend. I assisted him in some of his works, and my father at length became proud of his son, and of the reputation which I had gained. Benedict the Ninth wishing to understand the peculiar talents of each Roman painter, requested a drawing from each ; and my father visited me to see what I was about to send. I had confined myself to tracing with the point of my pencil, and in one stroke, a perfect circle ; for I said to myself : ‘ If the Pope can see in this circle, the

correctness of my hand, and the boldness of my character, he can understand me, and I will work for him ; if not, he is a man of inferior genius, and I do not care for him.' My father, however, did not think with me, and he was much displeased when he found me determined not to send anything else. My circle was sent. I was called to Rome, and my father was almost mad with joy and pride. Since then I have been loaded with honours, but I shall never forget the misery I endured, from my master's severe treatment. You can now understand why I cannot endure to see a child weep, and this little shepherd grieving for his lamb, so reminded me of my youthful days, that I suffered almost as much as himself."

Giotto having finished speaking, Dante pressed his hand ; "Always good and kind," said he, "always ready to comfort and assist the distressed."

A short time after this event, the two friends separated ; Giotto received invitations to several cities : Dante, wandering and proscribed, continually regretted his country, which he was never more to revisit. Giotto soon learnt the death of his friend ; he mourned for him sincerely, and travelled for some time to distract his thoughts ; but his journey, was a continued triumph, everywhere he left traces of his visits, and everywhere received unbounded applause ; it is scarcely to be wondered at, that he became proud of his merits, which he knew full well. It is said, that he never wrote his name but in golden letters. He finally returned to Florence, loaded with honours, and died in 1335, aged 60 years.

Grandfather Kerouan ;
OR,
VANITY CORRECTED.

I NEVER had the happiness of knowing my mother, she died a few hours after my birth. My relatives were all very poor, and my father owed his honourable position in the world entirely to his own talents and industry. After distinguishing himself at the bar by his eloquence ; he was, in 1816, elected Attorney General. Being a widower, and constantly occupied in the duties of his office, he was obliged to entrust me to the care of strangers : but his affection made him wary in the choice of instructors, and the school which sheltered my infancy, proved his tender solicitude.

At the age of fourteen, I was removed to an establishment for more advanced students, where the sciences were taught, and youths prepared for the learned professions.

This house, situated in one of the most beautiful suburbs of Paris, was deservedly celebrated. The terms were high, on account of the first-rate masters who attended, and the domestic arrangements which were far superior, in point of comfort, to the generality of schools. It was rather extraordinary that one so poor as myself should be placed in such an establishment, but in this respect, my father might, perhaps, have done more than his circumstances warranted, and his love for me was so great, that he would if necessary have deprived himself of every comfort to give me a complete education. On my arrival I was kindly received and welcomed by a youth of my own age, who frankly offered me his friendship. His countenance was mild and prepossessing, his manners cordial and elegant, and sad as I was at the separation from my father, whom I had been visiting a month, and depressed at the idea of being thrown amongst so many boys so much older than myself, I gratefully and eagerly met his advances. In our youthful years, before distrust chills our affections, a few days intimacy is often sufficient to form a friendship, and Henri, for that was the name of my young companion, soon became very dear to me. My friend had, however, a fault, trifling perhaps in the eyes of some, but in reality one of great importance, since it invariably, more or less corrupts the heart of those infected by it.

Henri's besetting sin was vanity, and unfortunately he enjoyed many advantages, which greatly

contributed to foster and encourage this fault, nor did he make the slightest effort either to conceal or subdue it. His father was said to be immensely rich, and Henri was more favoured than the other pupils.

In addition to the lessons which we shared, he received others from first-rate masters, and his purse, always well filled, testified the generosity of his father, as well as the prosperous state of his finances. It must, however, be owned that Henri spent his money nobly. He was always ready to assist the poor of the neighbourhood, or to oblige his school-fellows.

In our various conversations, Henri often spoke to me of his prospects ; he was astonished, he said, to see his father persist in continuing his trade ; and he was still more surprized that he should purchase good farms at high prices rather than some old castle, which would have raised his position in life, and given him importance in society.

Mr. Georges, however, completely disregarded these vain ideas of his son ; he was a worthy man, his countenance was intelligent and benevolent, but his figure was extremely vulgar, he was very short, prodigiously stout, and his dress was invariably negligent and badly chosen.

These latter were certainly not the characteristics of a noble chatelain, such as poor Henri would have wished to depict him to our imaginations. Generally when he visited the school, he was first subjected

to the impertinent criticisms of his son, whose attention was invariably directed to the dress of his father, and Henri would often exhaust, in impertinent and foolish remarks, that time which ought to have been delightfully spent in the interchange of mutual affection. The good man would listen to his son with patience, then with an expression of reproachful pity, he would slightly shrug his shoulders, and abruptly change the conversation.

This improper conduct, on the part of Henri, was so often repeated, that at length it aroused the malicious curiosity of the pupils, and there was a daily deluge of jokes on the unknown trade of Mr. Georges; a trade which all agreed in pronouncing very lucrative, but of which no one could discover the nature, for Henri would endure no raillery on the subject, and roughly silenced every question relative to this delicate point.

Mr. Georges was in the habit of giving an annual fête champêtre, to which he invited all the pupils without exception, and a happy day it was for us.

Early in the morning, our kind host would send carriages to take us to his country house, at Belleville, where a magnificent breakfast awaited our arrival; after part of the day spent in various games, we had a splendid dinner; the evening concluded with a concert and ball, and the whole was arranged with so much taste and kindness, that, for a month 'at least, the most malicious and discontented could not find the least cause for censure.

For nearly two years I had been the constant companion of Henri, and our friendship had never once been disturbed, for without the fault, I have mentioned, my friend would have been perfect ; and yet I did not appreciate him as he deserved.

I had still a long course of study before me, and I was anticipating the enjoyment of my friend's society for, at least, eighteen months longer, when one morning, the principal called me into his study, he held in his hand a letter, sealed with black—My father was dead ! and I had not been summoned to receive his last blessing, or hear his last wishes !—I had only some poor relatives, who resided at a distance, and my father had died insolvent ; I was a beggar.

I must leave the college, before having finished my education ; I must renounce all hope of an honourable profession, and endure the misery of a life of poverty, and I was but sixteen !

Overwhelmed with grief, I flew to Henri for consolation. “ Oh ! do not weep thus,” said he, “ depend upon my friendship.—Your tears break my heart.”

At this moment, the ringing of the bell announced a visitor. Mr. Georges was in the parlour, and Henri went to him.

A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed when I was summoned. On my entrance, Mr. Georges came forward to meet me, and affectionately embracing me, said :—“ Young man, I am rich ; you shall share as a brother with my son, until you can, your-

self, provide for your necessities," and as tears choked my utterance, he again tenderly embraced me, repeating, "I will be your father."

Oh! how noble and beautiful, I now thought that countenance which I had so often deemed coarse and vulgar. Kind and worthy man! May God reward him for all the benefits he showered on me; to him I owe a profession which I fondly love; a profession which enables me to defend the widow, and protect the orphan.

I remained the brother and intimate friend of my good Henri, but I soon perceived that his unfortunate defect increased with his years, and I was incessantly obliged to remonstrate with him, calling to my aid his reason, and especially his heart which was still excellent.

For a long period, good Mr. Georges seldom came, his manner towards his son, became reserved, and occasionally he seemed to have a difficulty in checking expressions of evident disapproval of that odious vanity, which with all its hideous results, at length became so evident to his eyes; but an entreating look from Henri would make him pause, and the affectionate father seemed to shrink from inflicting humiliation on his son.

One day as he was bidding Henri farewell, after they had been walking in the college garden, an ignorant and conceited youth, newly-arrived at school, enquired who that vulgar old man could possibly be.

Feeling more wounded in his vanity, than grieved at this insult to the best of parents ; and, yielding to his wicked fault, Henri blushinglly replied, that the man was his father's steward.

In his confusion and anxiety, Henri had spoken loudly enough to be heard, good Mr. Georges went away grieved and dejected, and for a whole month, he never visited us, but after the expiration of that time, all the pupils received an invitation to Belleville.

As usual, there was to be a dinner and ball, and in addition, an illumination, to celebrate, as the note expressed, an extraordinary event.

On this occasion, our generous host even exceeded his previous kindness and liberality. The whole of his house was placed at our disposal, and every conceivable amusement was procured for us. Henri's vanity was perfectly satisfied with the luxury displayed by his father, twenty times he endeavoured to thank him, but Mr. Georges always silently and quickly turned away from him.

After dinner, we all assembled in the drawing-room, in the middle was a small table, on which was placed a magnificent ebony box inlaid with silver. Every eye was immediately attracted towards this beautiful object. It had evidently been placed where it was, to serve some especial purpose, and our curiosity was greatly excited when Mr. Georges, taking his son's hand, placed him by his side, and spoke as follows :

“ You know, my dear young friends, that I have always great pleasure in welcoming you here ; you are the companions of my Henri, and this alone would give you a claim to my attention, for you know how I love him.

“ On this day he completes his seventeenth year, he is no longer a child, and he ought to be able to make a worthy use of the fortune and titles bequeathed to him by his ancestors. This box contains the title deeds of our family, and I wish to deliver them to Henri in your presence. May these precious relics be respected by him, as by myself ; and may the banner of our ancestors incite him to imitate their honour and their virtues.

“ And now, my dear guests, allow me to relate a short history, which is both instructive and amusing.

“ On a cold gloomy December morning, a poor man left the village of Glomel, in Bretagne, and pursuing the pathway leading to the mountains, he slowly toiled up the rocky road. Although the cold was excessive, and his clothes were covered with hoarfrost, yet the good man often stopped to wipe his heated brow. It was poor Kerouan, a brave and worthy soldier who had lost one of his legs in the service of the Republic.

“ When the old veteran had reached the mountain top, he rapped with his crutch at the door of a poor cottage. The door was immediately opened, and three boys, of whom the eldest might be about fourteen, threw themselves into the old man's arms,

“ ‘Good morning, grandfather!’ they exclaimed in one voice. ‘Good morning, children, good morning!’

“Saying this, Kerouan took the heavy wallet from his back.

“ ‘Alas!’ said he in a low voice, ‘I am getting very lame, I cannot walk as I used.’

The old soldier had lived a long time in this cottage with his son Simon, who was a fisherman, his wife, and his three children. One sad day, poor Simon was lost in a storm at sea, and his wife died of grief.

“The poor children had now no one to provide for them, but old Kerouan, and he was without the least resource. The villagers were however very kind, and Kerouan accepted their alms for a time, not for himself, but for his poor grandchildren.

But as he was very industrious, he was soon able to do without the assistance of others ; he brought up the boys honestly, sent them to school, and they soon learned to read and write very nicely.

“When Kerouan was seated, he took off his large round hat, shook the frost from his long white hair, put on an old woollen cap, and dividing into equal portions the bread for breakfast, he spoke thus to his grandsons :

“ ‘My dear children, you are now old enough to gain your livelihood ; remember that it is disgraceful to beg, and God only allows it when it is absolutely impossible to do otherwise, for if we beg

unnecessarily, we deprive those of bread who are poorer than yourselves.

“ ‘Peter, you are now fourteen, you are strong and healthy, you must work. Charles, you are twelve, you are active, and your eyes are good, you must use them. As for you, my little George, you are only eleven, but you have famous strong legs, you must exercise them.’

“ ‘But what are we to do?’ exclaimed the three boys, ‘we do not know any one, and we have not been taught any trade.’

“ ‘Listen, my boys; there are many occupations for the poor, which interfere with no one; I have hitherto supported you, but I can do so no longer, for I am old and infirm. There are many things lost in the world, because no one thinks of making them useful; but with industry we can derive benefit from all, and I will show you how it is. Thus I have been enabled to bring you up, and I think you have no reason to complain of me.’

“ The boys embraced him tenderly.

“ ‘You shall now see,’ added Kerouan, ‘what may be accomplished by strict economy, if you can succeed in saving fifteen centimes daily, at the end of the year you will each have amassed thirty-four francs, and in ten years, that will amount to five hundred and forty francs.’

“ ‘We will follow your advice, dear grandfather,’ said the boys.

“ As soon as the severity of the season had passed,

Grandfather Kerouan commenced his journey with Peter, Charles, and George. He first directed their attention to all the old bones, which had been thrown away as useless. 'Pick them up,' said he 'for with the whitest of these bones, cutlers and turners make all kinds of articles for their trade, and they are often mistaken for ivory. The discoloured bones are sold to gardeners, who use them to fasten their trees to the walls, bone pegs being better than wooden ones. The refuse is sold to be burnt; and the ashes are used in various arts, and also for manuring land, and it is called animal black.

" 'Oh, this is good for nothing,' said Peter, throwing away the broken neck of a bottle, which had nearly cut him.

" 'But pick it up, my boy,' said Keronan, 'pieces of glass are melted, and are bought to mix with new glass, for glass, heated to a certain degree, becomes liquid like water; it is then put into moulds, or blown, and acquires any desired form.'

" In crossing a wood, they saw some wild cherries and mushrooms: the old soldier taught them to distinguish the good mushrooms from the poisonous ones. 'Never keep those,' said he, 'which change their colour when broken, and have an acrid disagreeable smell. All good mushrooms smell like meal newly ground, one may say that nature, like a good mother, tells us which to take or reject.

" Peter, Charles, and George were soon accustomed to this distinction, and carried to a neighbouring

market, all the mushrooms they had gathered ; they also often took thither moss, bouquets of roses, and various herbs useful in medicine. The apothecaries, at length, employed them to procure the roots they needed, and paid them for their trouble, and the boys carried on their trade with so much industry and honesty, that every one was anxious to employ them.

“ In the winter, they gathered into one large heap dead leaves, and withered plants, and sold it for manure to the neighbouring farmers.

“ Wool left on the hedges, by sheep rubbing against the thorns ; the hair of cows or oxen, which they chanced to see, was picked up, carefully put on one side, and sold to carpet and mattrass makers. They bespoke horse hair from the neighbouring farmers, who, wishing to encourage their industry, frequently gave it to them without charge, and they were enabled to dispose of it very profitably to coach makers and saddlers. Pigs’ bristles were collected and sold to brush makers, pieces of leather to collar makers, woollen and linen rags were readily bought by paper makers. They gathered old horse shoes, pieces of iron, and broken nails, and carried them to the iron founders, who gladly purchased them at their full value. In short, nothing escaped their attention, not even a feather fallen from the wing of a goose, that might serve for a pen, or a morsel of down for a cushion.

It is easy to see that, in this manner, their profits

would increase. Sometimes, they chanced to find valuable things that had been lost, then Grandfather Kerouan would employ the town crier, and restore them to their owner.

“ Thus the well-known honesty of the whole family gained general esteem.

“ When the autumn approached our three boys were very busy collecting wild fruits, with which to make vinegar and other things. Along the roads, they gathered brambles and nuts, taking care not to injure the hedges ; in the woods, they collected roots and acorns, which they sold to feed pigs and turkeys, they filled sacks with horse chesnuts, and took them to the mill to be ground, much to the amusement of the country people who fancied they were going to eat this bitter and nauseous flour ; but our youths let them enjoy their jokes, and sold their chesnut meal to book-binders and other workmen, who used it in their trade.

“ In the winter, they employed themselves in destroying injurious animals, such as martens, foxes, and wolves, selling the skins to furriers ; they also made nets, and caught wild game, and sold it in the neighbouring towns.

“ With all these various occupations, Kerouan found time to teach them how to make willow baskets and chairs, straw mattresses and hats, &c.

“ The labour of the three boys soon produced more than sufficient for the support of the whole family ; their good grandfather could remain at home, and

their little cottage could scarcely contain all the various articles they collected and brought there, like little birds when building their nests. By degrees, they became well-known to persons who purchased from them, they understood the value of their merchandize, and were clever in finding it.

“A little portable shop was then bought and hawked by Peter. His stock consisted of laces, combs, needles, pins, tapes, &c., for the neighbouring villages, and this also added to their savings. At the end of the year, Grandfather Kerouan opened the money box, and found that, after all expenses were paid, there would remain 235 francs, 15 centimes. He immediately carried this sum to a merchant in the town, who willingly consented to take the money and give interest for it.

“Imagine the joy of our youths, never had they seen such a sum.

“During the following year, they succeeded still better, old Kerouan attended to the household concerns, and sold the merchandise collected by his grandsons. At the end of four years, they found themselves possessed of 1200 francs, gained by their industry and labour alone.

“But human nature is weak and frail, and as the three brothers increased in prosperity, so did latent seeds of selfishness spring up in their breasts, causing frequent quarrels much to the grief of poor Kerouan.

“ ‘My children,’ said he to them one day, as they were sitting round the fire, ‘you have now reached the age of manhood, you have gained industrious habits, and enjoy good health, for which you are indebted to temperance and a regular life. Let each of you take 200 francs, and seek your livelihood in the way most agreeable to you. The remainder of the money shall remain with the banker to whom it is entrusted until we need it, and the interest will every year increase the capital. You have already experienced that, with industry, youth, and health, you could support yourselves, even without any money to begin with.

“The next day the brothers embraced and separated. Peter directed his steps to the East, Charles towards the West, and George to the South.

“Many years passed, and Kerouan heard nothing of his grandsons ; he often regretted having sent them from him, but like a good father, he would not touch his children’s money. Being however attacked by severe illness, he wrote thus to the banker : ‘I am very ill ; for several years I have not received any tidings of my grandsons, they are doubtless dead, and I feel that I shall follow them.’

“The banker replied ; ‘I return you your money, you are rich, for your capital has increased by degrees, and now exceeds 4500 francs.’

“But the old soldier was sad and dejected, every day he wished for death. ‘*¡Alas!*’ said he, ‘I shall

have no one to close my eyes ; Oh ! that I had my little George with me, he would support and console my old age !' But Kerouan did not die.

"On a lovely Sunday evening in summer, the old soldier was seated under a tree, chatting sorrowfully to some neighbours about his children, when a servant in handsome livery approached the group, and inquired whether Baptiste Kerouan lived in the village.

"'He is here !' exclaimed several voices, and on looking round, they perceived a carriage stopping before the door of the old man's cottage : three young men got out, and hastening to the old soldier, embraced him tenderly.

"'My father ! my father ! do you not know us again,' said they.

"'I am Peter, your eldest son ; I have a large silk factory at Lyons.'

"'And I,' said the second, 'am Charles, I am a corn merchant at Corbeil.'

"'And I,' said the youngest, 'am George, your cherished child, I am richer than my brothers, and have gained great wealth in Paris as a wholesale rag merchant. I have come to fetch you, my dear father, and I have a dear wife who will take care of you. We will both love you.'

"The poor old soldier burst into tears of joy. He raised his hands, and blessed his grandchildren.

"'It is to you alone,' exclaimed they, "we owe all

our happiness. If you had not taught us to pick up and turn to profit, wild fruit, feathers, and rags, we should now be beggars.'"

After this recital, Mr. Georges paused.

"And now," continued he, after some minutes' silence, "my dear Henri, open this box and look."

Henri slowly advanced to the ebony box, opened it with trembling hands, and drew out—a greasy and worn linen wallet.

"Behold!" said Mr. Georges, with a mischievous smile, "the banner of your ancestors, the good man Kerouan; for I am his youngest grandson, George, the rag merchant."

Poor Henri's brow crimsoned with confusion, and his father added;

"Remember, my son, that vanity is the appendage of folly; no one ought to blush at any condition of fortune or birth, which he cannot control. He who is rich ought to consider himself the debtor of the poor, and assist them whenever an opportunity presents itself; that alone is true superiority."

Henri, with tears in his eyes and repentance in his heart, threw himself into the arms of Mr. Georges.

"This lesson has been severe, my father," said he, "but I have deserved it; be sure it shall never be forgotten."

I can assure my readers that Henri kept his pro-

mise. Retired from business, he and his father live on the most affectionate terms, and their house is the rendezvous of artists and men of letters. Henri pursued the surest method of correcting the vanity which his wealth might have fostered, and that was frequently to repeat, during dessert, the history of Grandfather Kerouan.

Robert Sorbon,

FOUNDER OF THE SORBONNE.

1.—GOOD BYE TO LATIN !!

"FATHER," said a child of twelve years of age, to a venerable old man, who was seated at the entrance of a hermitage, situated on the slope of a hill above the village of Sorbon, near Rheims. "In truth your Latin wearies me, and I would rather go and play."

"I do not doubt it, my child," replied the hermit, "Well, go and play, so much the better for me, since it wearies me to teach you Latin, and I would rather recite my breviary, or admire the beauties of nature."

The child looked at the hermit with astonishment and exclaimed; "If it wearies you to give me lessons, father, why do you give them?"

"Ah! Why? Because it is for your good, and because Our Lord Jesus Christ has said 'Do good, come what may.'"

"Oh! you wish to do me good!" replied the child, after a moment's reflection. And what good, if you please?"

"That of drawing you from the miserable position in which you and your family are placed, Robert," gently replied the monk; "By work and study, you may become a scholar, and you can then practise some learned profession, which will provide you with the means, not only of living honourably yourself, but also of assisting your poor parents. But go and play, go; I wish to benefit you, but not against your will; go then and play, Robert."

Robert did not stir, but his large black eyes were fixed on a group of children, who were chasing butterflies in the fields below.

"In short, father," said Robert, half rising, with his eyes still turned towards the plain, "I understand Christian charity as you understand it; it obliges you to weary yourself to serve your neighbour; I am your neighbour. But it is different with me, Christian charity does not oblige me to weary myself to serve myself; I am not neighbour to myself—so I will go and play."

"You are right, my child; but do not, in future, ask me to teach you to read; since it wearies us both: me, to teach, and you, to learn."

"Indeed!" said Robert, endeavouring to read in the grave countenance of the father; whether he really meant what he said; or spoke ironically, "And

you have not the least wish in the world to teach me?"

"Why should I?" asked the hermit.

"And you will not complain to my father?"

"That will be so much the worse for you, that is all."

"And you will not call me idle or ignorant?"

"Do not fear, I am not sufficiently interested in you, to scold you."

"Oh! so it is a proof of interest in people to scold them!" interrupted Robert rudely, shrugging his shoulders: "Well then! I don't want any one to interest themselves about me."

"You shall have your wish," coldly replied the father, opening his Breviary. "Only remember this, that, from this day, you will be to me, neither more nor less than the other children of the village. I will nurse you if you are sick, and if you fall down a precipice, I will endeavour to save you at the peril of my life. But that is all. Poor child! I selected you from amongst the children of the village, because I thought I read in your countenance, more than common intelligence, and because you were born on my Feast day, that of Saint Denis, the 2nd of October, 1201, which is twelve years ago; it was believed that you would die, and I baptized you one hour after your birth. I also married your mother Jacqueline to your good and honest father,—and the day of their marriage was also a happy one; for

on that day, Elizabeth of Hainault, wife of Philip Augustus, gave birth to our young prince, Louis the Eighth. Well, well!" added the old man sighing, "May God's will be done! You do not listen to me, I weary you.—It is a pity; but—go, play—go. Robert, the son of a labourer, be a labourer.—You might, however, have aspired to something better."

"Do you wish me to go, father?" repeated Robert, taking a few steps as if to go, but still hesitating.

"Not the least in the world, your idleness grieves me; but—no matter."

"And you—will not do me any harm; will you?" added Robert, still unresolved to go.

"I have never injured any one, my son,"

"Well then, hurrah! no more Latin, no more breviary, no more long hours to spend, with my elbows on my knees, and my head on my hands, and my eyes fixed on little ugly black marks."

"Only reflect before leaving me," replied the hermit, "that I am old and infirm, I can only give instruction to one; I can only have one pupil, and if you leave me, to-morrow I shall choose another—"

"With all my heart!" said Robert, and bounded away from the dwelling of the good father Denis, the hermit of the country, the father and consoler of all its inhabitants, to join his young companions in their sports.

II.—A DEATH-BED SCENE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the child's desire for play, his eyes often turned towards the tufted elm, which sheltered the modest hermitage, and at the foot of which he could perceive, even in the distance, the venerable head of the old man, and his white hair agitated by the wind; but soon Robert looked less frequently towards the old tree, under which he so frequently sat; then the white hair of the old man ceased to attract his attention, and the joyous shouts of his companions soon erased from his remembrance, the last firm but gentle words of the hermit; he joined in the sports of the noisy group, and in half an hour he was one of the most heedless and extravagant amongst them.

The darkening shades of evening first reminded him of his home. Hastily he turned his steps thither; but, on his arrival at the cottage, his face bedewed with perspiration, his lips still smiling with his late excitement; a scene presented itself to his view, which struck him with terror, and arrested his progress.

The hut was surrounded by neighbours, and all were conversing in low whispers, even the large shepherd's dog Ralph, instead of bounding to meet his young master, advanced very slowly, with his ears hanging down, and his tail between his legs.

"What is it, Ralph, what's the matter?" asked the child of the dog.

"What is the matter, mother Michel?" asked he, almost in the same breath, of the first woman, whom he met; "you all frighten me with your long faces."

"Go in, and you will see," said Mother Michel coldly.

The child hastened with a beating heart into the cottage. A sudden cry of anguish first announced his return to his family.

The dwelling of his father consisted but of one room, which served as a house for wood, and was also the kitchen and sleeping room of the family. On the right were seen, in one corner, piles of wood and tools for wood cutting; on the floor, in the left-hand corner, was laid some straw and wretched blankets, and on this miserable bed, slept the father, mother, three children, and two dogs; poultry roosted on a perch above; and in the middle of the room was a large oven, near which stood a trunk which served the double purpose of kneading the paste, and holding the bread when it was baked; two rough wooden stools, a chest and table, completed the furniture of this single and singular apartment.

The cause of Robert's cry, on entering the cottage, was the sight of his father lying extended on his humble bed, pale and covered with blood. Jacqueline was standing near him, wringing her hands, whilst the two little girls, one twelve and the other eight years of age, were, with admirable presence of mind, assisting the hermit in attending to their father; the eldest was tearing some old linen into

bandages ; the younger was holding a basin of water to wash away the blood, which was streaming from the wounds.

At the cry of Robert, the wounded man opened his eyes, and endeavoured to speak.

“ Silence ! ” said Father Denis to the wood-cutter, “ do not speak, wounds which bleed much weaken the invalid, and agitation causes dangerous symptoms, calm yourself therefore, and you, mother Jacqueline, be more reasonable ! In falling from the tree, your husband might have been killed, but he still lives ; and it is displeasing to God not to acknowledge, even on occasion of this sad accident, his various other mercies. When any misfortune happens, let us immediately ask ourselves if it might not have been worse ; and if this reflection does not entirely console us, it will at least enable us to accept with patience and resignation, the afflictions which it may please God to send us.”

“ Indeed, father,” replied Jacqueline sobbing, “ I am not a saint, and when I am in grief, I cannot help crying——”

“ But I order you to be silent,” said the hermit, in a firm and energetic voice, and Jacqueline was obliged to obey.

The good man then dressed the wounds, and having begged all present to withdraw, he seated himself on a stool, and declared his intention of passing the night with the invalid.

Complete silence soon reigned in the cottage.

Jacqueline, wearied with weeping, was sleeping by the side of her two little girls; the hermit was reading his breviary, by the light of a piece of linen burning in oil, and Robert—to whom no one, so far, had paid any attention—was weeping at his father's feet.

Towards the middle of the night, Sorbon endeavoured to rise, and looked eagerly around him; this movement did not escape the hermit, who laid down his breviary.

"Father!" said the wounded man, "I feel very ill, am I going to die?"

"My son," replied the holy man, "the decrees of Providence are concealed from the eyes of mortals; but, be this as it may, I am ready and anxious to hear your confession."

"Alas! father," replied the wood-cutter mournfully, "a poor man like me, who spends his life in cutting wood and carrying it on his shoulder, has but little time to sin."

"We sin as much in thought as in action, my son," replied the hermit.

"In thought! I have but one, and that is the desire to see my son become, one day, something better than an unhappy wood-cutter. I have pride and ambition, not for myself, but for that child; if it is a sin, I accuse myself of it. Are you satisfied with him, Father Denis? Does he improve in his studies?"

The hermit was going to reply, and would doubt-

less have told the whole truth, when he felt some one pull his habit, and turning, he beheld Robert, who with joined hands and entreating look, was making him a sign not to speak.

"You do not reply, Father Denis," observed Sorbon, "then I must die without any consolation.—I shall die, thinking of the life of misery I bequeath to my child.—My God!" added he, half rising from his bed, and lifting his clasped hands towards heaven; "My God! thou knowest that if I have importuned thee for worldly benefits, it has not been for myself; I was born poor, I have lived poor, I shall die poor.—But in my misery, one hope remained—that my boy should be educated, and perhaps one day, before the day of my death, which I did not believe to have been so near, he would, under the venerable habit of a priest, have opened to me the gates of eternity, This hope, father, was the dream of my life! This has been my only consolation during the last twelve years, and for this alone have I desired to live.—Can you imagine good hermit, such a happiness as this would have been? A father sleeping in the bosom of God, soothed by the voice of his child! Such, O, my God! has not been your Divine will; but may your Holy Name be for ever blessed and praised! Amen."

"Amen!" was repeated by the infantine voice of Robert.

"Are you there, Robert?" asked the wounded man.

With one bound, Robert reached the head of the bed, and affectionately pressed the hand of his father.

“Are you there, dear child?” repeated the wood-cutter, “Speak to me, let me hear your voice, comfort my last moments, by telling me that you are docile and studious, and that the good hermit is satisfied with you——” and as Robert was silent; Sorbon continued, “You studied hard to-day, did you not? and every day you will be more attentive than on the preceding? and the good hermit, who is your spiritual father, is pleased with you: and he consents, even after my death, to continue to teach you, is it not so?”

Instead of replying, Robert turned his beautiful black eyes with such entreaty towards the monk, that the latter, who was on the point of speaking, remained silent.

“No reply!” murmured the dying man, in so plaintive a voice, that the child, in bitter sorrow, threw himself on his knees by his father’s side.

“Pardon, me, my two fathers!” exclaimed he, turning alternately towards the wood-cutter and hermit.

“Pardon!” repeated Sorbon, in astonishment.

“Pardon! yes, pardon! for I am a wicked child,” replied Robert, “the good God has punished me, since on the day when I have most grieved my father and the hermit—the one drives me away from his presence, and the other is dying. Oh, my God!”

added he sobbing, "I repent! pardon me. Oh, restore life and health to my father, and though I do not like reading, and hate Latin, I make a vow, if Father Denis will no longer teach me, to beg my way to Paris on foot, to study day and night, to enjoy neither rest nor recreation, until I take my degree at a college.—And, O, my God! preserve my father's life until his wishes in my regard are accomplished."

"Oh! no, you shall not go to Paris on foot, my child, at least, while I live," said the monk, affected by this display of filial piety, from the hitherto idle Robert; I will first teach you all I know, then afterwards we will see what can be done; God, to whom you pray so fervently, will take care of you."

The wood-cutter shed tears of gratitude and joy; and Father Denis, after waiting a short time to see him more composed, returned to his hermitage.

Whether from the effects of joy, or that Almighty God had listened to the sincere prayer of childhood, old Sorbon so suddenly revived, that next morning, when Father Denis opened the door of his hermitage, he found Robert kneeling on the threshold.

"Let us first thank God, and then we will study," said the monk, laying his venerable hand on the beautiful brown curls of the boy.

"Then you have forgiven me, father?" said Robert.

"Thou hast repented," replied the hermit.

It is truly said that "Man proposes, but God disposes," the wood-cutter recovered, but good old

Father Denis died shortly after, and Robert, faithful to his vow, set out on foot for Paris.

In those days, colleges were not regulated as they are at present. The poverty of the scholars was such, that, being obliged to beg for their subsistence, but little time remained for study; and in addition to this, idle scholars were always more numerous than diligent ones, so that playing, begging, and fighting were almost the only occupation of these turbulent youths.

You may easily imagine, therefore, that Robert Sorbon had to surmount the greatest difficulties, in order to obtain instruction; but with the aid of a firm determination, and unceasing diligence, he at length succeeded. His learning and piety were so great, that Saint Louis selected him for his chaplain and confessor.

It was at this period, that old Sorbon being on his death bed sent for his son, and Robert, loaded with favours by the king, who esteemed him, who admitted him to his table, and delighted in his society; was able to support his mother, and give marriage portions to his sisters, after having rendered the last honours to his father.

In 1251, Robert Sorbon was made a canon of Cambray, and then, remembering the difficulties he had encountered in the path of learning, he resolved to lessen the obstacles for other poor scholars.

He founded a society of secular ecclesiastics, who, living in common, and having everything necessary

provided for their subsistence, should occupy themselves in study, and gratuitous instruction to others.

King Louis wishing to participate in this good work, bought for Robert three houses in different parts of Paris, and the income of these houses being insufficient for the support of the poor scholars, whose number amounted to a hundred, the king gave to each a small sum of money weekly. This college was, at first, called the Poor House, but afterwards, the Sorbonne, from the name of the founder, and Sorbon was appointed director; but it was only after eighteen years' experience in the administration of the college, that he compiled those rules and regulations which have never since been altered.

In 1271, Robert bought, near the Sorbonne, a house in which he founded the college of Calvi; called also the Little Sorbonne. This college was intended for elementary studies, but was suppressed in 1636, by Cardinal Richelieu who built a church in its place.

Robert Sorbon became in 1258, Canon of Paris. His reputation became so great that, it is said, princes submitted their disputes to his decision.

He died on the 15th of August, 1274.

Henrietta of England.

I.—THE FLIGHT.

AT the close of day, on the 15th July, 1664, the noble castle of the Earl of Essex, at Exeter, resounded with uproar and merriment. The Earl, accompanied by his principal attendants, was absent on affairs of urgent importance, and the soldiers left to themselves were profiting by their liberty. During the whole day, they had been liberally supplied with meat and wine sent to them, as they supposed, by the Parliamentarians, both as a reward for their devotion to the cause of Cromwell, and also that they might celebrate the recent victory of that general over the Royalists.

Amongst the various domestics, charged with the distribution of meat and wine, was one whose zeal

in inciting the soldiers to eat and drink was indefatigable. His countenance was youthful, but expressive both of determination and mildness; his comrades called him Peterson, but no one seemed to know him perfectly; he had not been long in the service of the Earl, and had hitherto been reserved in his communications with all. Now, however, his character seemed suddenly changed, he went from table to table, jesting with some, challenging others, filling the glasses of all around, and inducing the soldiers, by every means in his power, to carouse still deeper. An acute observer might have read in his eager and sparkling eye, some deeper motive for his exertions, than could have arisen from the mere pleasure of intoxicating his companions.

By degrees the wild merriment of the party ceased—some were lying on the ground in heavy slumber, others reclining in utter unconsciousness on their benches. Peterson gazed around him, for one moment, like a man who has succeeded in a deep project; then his smile of triumph changed into one of bitter contempt, and turning away he walked slowly and silently to another part of the castle. After crossing many apartments and galleries, and ascending and again descending various winding stairs, he stopped before the massive door of a solitary tower, the chains and heavy barred windows of which sufficiently testified its purpose.

Peterson selected a key from his girdle, and opening the outer door, drew from behind it a bundle of

clothes ; then hastily ascending a dark and narrow staircase, he reached a door more strongly barred than the outer one. With a beating heart, he drew back its rusty bolts, and entered a small room. At the noise of his entrance, a pale and trembling woman advanced from an inner apartment, exclaiming as she saw Peterson, "What tidings?"

"All has succeeded, Madam," replied he, in a respectful voice, "thanks to the sale of your jewels, the proceeds of which has enabled me to intoxicate the soldiers ; I gave them meat and wine, as if from Cromwell, to celebrate his recent victory over the Royalists, and the ruse has proved completely successful. I caused the same report to be spread throughout the town. The garrison is entirely disarmed, the sentinels are sleeping on their posts ; here are the clothes of a country boy for the princess. But hasten, Madam, there is not a moment to lose, attire the princess Henrietta in her new costume, and let us go."

At the name of the princess Henrietta, a little fair and rosy girl, of about five years old, ran into the room, exclaiming :

"Let us go ! Are we going then to leave this ugly grated tower ? Oh ! yes, dear god-mamma, let us go."

"My dear child," replied Lady Morton, opening the parcel brought her by Peterson, "you must first put on this dress."

"This dress !" exclaimed the little girl disdain-

fully, "this is a little country boy's dress, and I am a princess!"

"Alas! my poor child," said Madam Morton, "a poor country boy is just now happier than you."

"Oh! you are quite right, dear god-mamma," sighed Henrietta, who suddenly became sad and thoughtful. "princesses are indeed very unhappy.—First, no papa, or real mamma—'tis true, a good god-mamma," said she, throwing her arms around Lady Morton, and kissing her affectionately, "but a god-mamma is not a real mamma, then to be obliged to live in two little rooms, which we can never leave, full of playthings certainly, but no one to play with—and worse than all, no air."

"No air!" repeated Lady Morton in surprise.

"Do you think, dear god-mamma, I have not noticed, that when you want any air, you open the window, that shows the air is in the garden and not here. Ah! indeed, little princesses are very unhappy."

Lady Morton sighed, but made no reply. The princess was now attired in her peasant costume, and certainly nothing could look more unlike a country boy, than this fair and little girl, her snowy brow and arms contrasting strongly with her coarse garments.

Peterson who had left the room, during the toilet of the princess, now returned.

"Come, let us go," said he, "the Earl of Essex intended returning to-morrow, but if he should

chance to come this evening, we are lost. Is the princess ready?"

"Yes, the princess is ready," said Henrietta, in a sulky tone, "and very strangely dressed too for a princess."

Peterson took the princess in his arms, and recommending strict silence, led the way out of the room. Lady Morton drew the hood of her mantle, so as to screen her face, and followed him. After descending from the tower, they followed a narrow winding path, leading to a low postern-gate, opening on a bye-road. Here they found two horses, saddled and bridled; Peterson mounted one, and placed the princess before him. The Countess took her seat on the other, with the ease of a practised horse-woman, and they set out at full gallop.

"How uncomfortable this is!" said Henrietta to Peterson,—“and how cold it is,” added she, finding he did not reply, “and then it rains,” resumed she.

“Alas!” said Lady Morton, who had heard her complaints, “princesses are not always fortunate!”

“You might say never,” replied Henrietta, bursting into tears.

“God is great! my child,” said the countess, “you must pray for your mother and yourself.”

“I will, dear Godmamma,” and joining her little hands, she began to murmur a prayer that Lady Morton had taught her; but soon sleep overpowered her, Peterson covered her with his cloak, and he and the countess continued their way in silence.

II.—THE SMUGGLERS.

OUR three fugitives travelled thus for several days, directing their course towards the sea-coast, and always selecting bye-paths and retired roads, in order to escape observation and pursuit, and poor little Henrietta, who had—on the first day—rejoiced in her liberty and changed circumstances, began now to regret her barred chamber, and the solitude formerly so oppressive.

Towards nightfall on the eighth day, they perceived a small cottage near the sea-shore, and thither they directed their steps, Lady Morton declaring that she was exhausted, and utterly unable to ride further. On hearing this, Peterson knocked at the cottage door.

“Who is there?” asked a rough bad-tempered voice.

“Poor travellers, who have lost their way in the dark, and who beg a shelter and rest for two or three hours,” replied Peterson; “We have a child with us,” added he, “in the name of Heaven! do not refuse us admission.”

At the word child, the door was immediately opened; for there is a magic in childhood that can soften the hardest heart; and an old woman stood on the threshold.

“Come in,” said she.

Peterson dismounted, and placed the little sleeping Henrietta in the arms of the old woman; then

assisting the countess from her horse, he led both the steeds into a stable pointed out by the old woman, and Lady Morton entered the cottage.

It was a miserable fisherman's hut, hung round with nets and dried fish. Two or three bundles of straw seemed the only beds of the cottagers.

Peterson had returned from the stable but a few minutes, when the cottage door was hastily opened and three men entered, apparently a father and his two sons, they were all of gigantic stature, their clothes were of the roughest texture, a dagger and pistol were suspended from a leathern girdle round the waist of each, and on their shoulders rested a gun; their physiognomy was rough and uncouth as their dress.

"Is supper ready, mother?" asked the two youngest, as they entered; but on perceiving the strangers, who had arisen at their approach, they retired a step, casting around angry distrustful glances from beneath their frowning brows.

Henrietta, who that moment awoke, gazed at them with unfeigned terror.

"These strangers have lost their way," said the old woman, addressing the questioning looks of the three men, "they had this child with them; but here is supper," added she, placing on the table, a pan of soup and a large dish of potatoes. At this moment, a little girl came in with a jug of beer.

The old woman reproved the little girl for having

been so slow, and Nelly, for that was her name, turned away to cry and pout in a corner.

Whilst the men were seating themselves at table, and roughly but kindly inviting Lady Morton and Peterson to share in their repast, Henrietta gently approached Nelly.

"Are you a princess?" asked she of the latter, in a soft and gentle voice.

"Why?" asked the pouting girl.

"Because you weep, and I have never seen any but princesses weep," answered she simply, "other children are never unhappy."

These words having attracted the attention of the elder man, he turned towards Henrietta, and gazed with surprise and admiration at her fair and pretty little face, surrounded by soft and glossy curls.

"What a beautiful child for a peasant!"

"Sir," replied Henrietta, drawing herself up with offended dignity, "I am not a peasant, but a princess, if you please."

Lady Morton, who had not been able to foresee this unfortunate reply, turned pale and eagerly sought to destroy the effect of it; but the old man abruptly interrupted her, saying "Do you think you can deceive us, Madam? we can easily see, by the air and manner of yourself and child, that you are great persons in disguise. A thousand guns!—but fear nothing; we are smugglers, but not spies or informers."

"Gentlemen," replied the countess, in an agitated

voice, "I would rather trust to your good faith, than attempt to deceive you ; you shall know all, for I feel assured that you will not betray our confidence." Then after pausing a moment, to calm the agitation caused by the terrible indiscretion of Henrietta, she resumed, "You see in this child, the princess Henrietta Anna of England, the daughter of our unfortunate king Charles the First and Henrietta Maria of France, daughter of Henry the Fourth of France ; a truly unfortunate queen, as she often called herself ! She was married in 1625, when only fourteen years of age, to Charles Stuart, Prince of Wales. A true daughter of Henry the Great, she was endowed with every virtue ; gentle and good as well as courageous and noble ; no one could doubt her word or despair of her clemency.

"Oh ! who has not seen her during the plague which desolated London, who does not remember her lavishing her charity indiscriminately towards all her husband's subjects. And, when the fire of civil and religious discord was lighted ; when Scotland and England revolted ; when the king had to war on his own subjects—did not this ungrateful land accuse their amiable queen of all these miseries?—And, how did this noble daughter of Henry the Great resent these insults ? By continual benefits, by constant proofs of goodness, wisdom, and firmness. And when the rebellion daily increased in audacity and power, and Charles was obliged to fly from London and leave his amiable and unfortu-

nate queen, her admirable conduct was still more conspicuous. Oh ! let me tell you," continued Lady Morton, seeing deep emotion depicted on the countenances of her hosts ; " let me speak to you of this noble woman, whom I have so often heard calumniated.

" Under pretence of conducting to Holland her eldest daughter the Princess-Royal, who had been married not long before to William, Prince of Orange, it was arranged the queen should go thither to seek assistance in arms and money.

" On her voyage home, she was attacked by a furious tempest, but in the midst of thunder and lightning, she never left the deck of the vessel. Re-animating, by voice and gesture, the despairing courage of the crew, she said with a calm smile of conviction, that re-assured all around, ' Queens are never drowned.' Shortly after, losing two vessels, and a great part of their ammunition, Henrietta was wrecked on the coast of Holland ; and at the end of fifteen days after braving the dangers of the sea, and the rigours of winter, she landed in England, where new dangers awaited her. Her enemies, informed of her arrival, besieged the house in which she had taken refuge ; and her escape, from what appeared certain death, was almost miraculous. Immediately that she was in safety, she shielded the authors of this culpable attempt from punishment. Thus, on this occasion, as well as on every other, during the course of an entire year, this admirable woman

evinced a courage superior to her sex and fortune, an ardent zeal for her husband's cause, and a clemency which frequently gained her friends and partisans even amongst the rebels. But, alas! the time of her confinement drew near, and she was obliged to leave the king, whom she had hitherto accompanied everywhere. After an affecting farewell, Henrietta sought refuge in Exeter: and there I saw this Sovereign of the Three Kingdoms wanting even the necessaries of life, and compelled to have recourse to Anne of Austria for the most trifling things she needed, as well as for a loan of sixteen thousand pounds which she immediately sent to her husband the king. This dear little princess," continued Lady Morton, laying her white hand on the fair head of Henrietta, who had been listening to her governess, with such fixed attention, that although exhausted by hunger, her food remained untouched before her: "This dear little princess was born on the 16th of June, 1644, and seventeen days after, her mother, still suffering and threatened by the approach of the rebel army, under the command of the Earl of Essex, was obliged to fly to France, after having confided the young princess to my care. Received in France with all the honours justly her due, this unfortunate Queen thinks only of the deplorable state of the king, her children, and the kingdom.—I am Lady Morton, governess to the Princess Henrietta. Thanks to this faithful and devoted servant," added she, pointing to Peterson,

"I have succeeded until now in protecting this dear child from the rebels; I was anxious to take her to her mother; the vessel hired to take us to France lies off this coast, but how can we reach it?"

"In my boat," replied the old fisherman.

"Oh! sir," exclaimed the countess, hesitating between hope and fear; "sir, if we trust to you, how can we be sure you will not betray us?"

A cloud passed over the brow of the smuggler and his sons; and the youngest roughly replied:

"If you do not trust us, why do you rest in our cottage? How do you know that we have not already sent messengers to the emissaries of Cromwell, to tell him that the daughter of Charles the First is in our power."

"Tom!—Tom!" cried the father, striking his fist on the table, and pointing to the sudden pallor overspreading the face of Lady Morton; "it is wrong of you to speak thus; but you are young, and you do not know that misfortune induces distrust.—Lady," added he, turning to the countess, "my children and I understand nothing about the affairs of the kingdom, and we care not whether we cry Success to the Parliament! or Long live Charles the First. Our kingdom is our fishing tackle! our king is the sea; our policy, the manner of getting more or less fish; to this we join a little smuggling, because we must provide for our subsistence, and we do not understand how we can injure the state by bringing into it, in one way or another, a few casks

of brandy.—But on the honour of Tom Muller, son of Andrew Muller, and father of James and Tommy Muller, you may, Lady, safely trust to us.”

“I believe it,” said the countess rising, “let us go.”

“Yes, let us go,” repeated the three fishermen ; and whilst one of his sons seized the oars and sails, and the other the nets, as if going on a fishing excursion, Peterson took Henrietta, wrapping her in his mantle ; and old Muller offered his arm to the countess :

“Lean on me, Madam,” said he, “the ground is slippery, and we have a little shore before reaching the boat.”

On arriving at the water’s edge, they could see a ship riding at anchor, to this the boat safely conveyed our fugitives, and the next day, the sight of the Norman Coast satisfied Lady Morton as to the safety of the young princess.

III.—THE DEATH BED.

HENRIETTA found her mother installed in the palace of the Louvre, with her brother Charles the Second. Seeing her mother almost always in tears, the poor child was confirmed, still further, in the idea that princesses were very unhappy. Although the Queen

of England was at first received at the Louvre, with all the honours due to the daughter of Henry the Great, yet on account of having sent assistance in men, money, and vessels to her husband, she so exhausted her means, that she was soon reduced to want the common necessities of life. At that period, 1649, she received the tidings of the murder of her husband, of that King, says Bossuet, 'whose mildness was so great as to be a crime.' To conceal from the public eye, her griefs and misfortunes, she retired to Chaillot, where, by virtue of letters patent, a convent of the Visitation was founded under her name; she gave there an example of every virtue; but the civil troubles of the Fronde obliged her to return to the Louvre.

The world would scarcely believe that one day in the month of January, a grand-daughter of Henry the Fourth, could not rise for want of fire; but this really happened to poor Henrietta. At the time of which we speak, Cardinal Retz, paying a visit to the Queen, found her in her daughter's chamber. "You see," said she to the Cardinal, "I have come to see Henrietta: the poor child could not get up, to day, for want of fire."

It was, doubtless, many such lessons of misfortune, that taught the princess that sweetness and amenity of disposition, which rendered her the most amiable princess, of whom the Court of France could ever boast.

For a long time, Anne of Austria, mother of Louis the Fourteenth, wished that monarch to select Henrietta for his wife, the Queen of England also shared this wish, but Louis thought the princess too young.

A few months after the treaty of the Pyrenees, a marriage was concluded between Henrietta and Philip of France, Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis the Fourteenth. They were united on the 31st of March, 1661, in the Chapel of the Palais-Royal, but the marriage was quite private, as it occurred during the holy season of Lent.

But, alas ! the happiness which she shed on her husband, and for a brief period, herself enjoyed, was soon disturbed.

On Sunday, 29th of June, 1670, two mournful cries resounded through Saint Cloud ; "Madame is dying !" which was too rapidly succeeded by "Madame is dead !"

In the morning, the princess had complained of pain in her side and stomach ; at seven in the evening, she asked for her glass of chicory water, which she had scarcely drank, when her sufferings redoubled and continued increasing. Madame sent for her confessor, the Curé of Saint Cloud, and made her confession, without permitting her waiting woman who supported her pillows to retire ; the king arrived at Versailles at eleven, and shedding tears of sincere sorrow, immediately went to

bid her an affectionate farewell. Madame knew that she was dying; she accepted her sufferings with resignation; and breathed her last sigh in the spirit of a true Christian. She had not attained her twenty-sixth year.

The Goldsmith Artist.

ON a fine Autumn morning, in the year 1518, five or six artists were busily occupied sketching, in the gallery of one of the most beautiful mansions in Rome, the residence of the noble family of Chigi. It was then the custom, not only for the nobles, but also for private individuals, who might be the possessors of any chef-d'œuvre in painting or sculpture, to open their dwellings to those students, who desired to perfect themselves in these arts, by studying the works of the great masters.

The Chigi gallery was especially rich in paintings by Raphaël. Amongst the young men, who, seated before their easels, with pencil in hand, and eyes fixed on an admirable head of the Madonna, and who were seeking to read, in its correct but soft lines, the secret of the great master's talent, was a youth, whose deeply meditative attitude, and slightly

stern look strongly contrasted with the juvenility of his features.

The day began to decline, and one by one the companions of the student retired ; but he, buried in deep contemplation of the picture he was endeavouring to copy, was scarcely conscious of his solitude. Suddenly, however, he started. Two sweet and unknown voices were murmuring in his ear, words which, although whispered, were well understood by the artist, for they were in commendation of his copy.

The young man turned, and saw behind his chair, two lovely women, who were examining with minute but benevolent attention, the drawing he was finishing.

One of these ladies, who was leaning on the arm of her companion, was the wife of the elder Chigi, and although our artist had never before been in her presence, yet he at once recognised her, having several times seen and admired her portrait. He hastily rose, and bent with the deepest respect.

“ We regret having disturbed you, Monsieur,” said Madame Chigi. “ My friend Julia and myself,” added she, glancing at her companion, “ whilst crossing this gallery, which we believed deserted, could not resist a temptation of curiosity, with which you will not I hope be displeased, since you have acquired in us two warm admirers of your talent.

The perfect urbanity with which these words were uttered, delighted, but for the moment completely

disconcerted, our young artist, who has, however, never been reproached for an excess of modesty, by either friends or enemies; and to the compliment of the beautiful Roman, he could only reply by a silent bow.

"You are a painter of course?" said Madame Chigi.

"No, Madame," replied he.

"A sculptor, perhaps?" said Julia, in her turn.

"I am a goldsmith."

"Indeed!" exclaimed both ladies in the greatest astonishment.

"But," added Portia, for that was the baptismal name of Madame Chigi, "you draw too well for a goldsmith."

"How so, Madame?" asked the young man, whose natural assurance suddenly returned. "The art of a goldsmith is one that, like sculpture, painting and poetry, requires varied knowledge and deep study."

"Your name?" asked Portia, whose curiosity was greatly excited by the warmth with which the youth, who had hardly seen seventeen summers, exalted his occupation.

"Benvenuto Cellini," replied he, proudly raising his head.

"Ah!" exclaimed Madame Chigi, "I believe your family is one of the most ancient in Italy."

"It is, Madame, since it may be traced back to the foundation of Florence, my native city, which

was built in the time of Julius Cæsar, by Florinus de Cellino, one of his lieutenants, and my ancestor."

"And your parents, are they living?"

"My mother is dead; but my father still lives in Florence. For a long time he enjoyed the favour of the Medici, and proved himself to be their zealous partizan, even during the time of their unpopularity and exile. Notwithstanding his fidelity, he was disgraced by them, after their re-establishment in Florence, for having refused to obey the summons of Pope Leo the Tenth, a member of this powerful family, who wished to have my father in his band, as flute-player; for you must know, Madame, that my father is not only a clever ingenious architect and mechanic, who understands as well how to construct bridges, and all kinds of machinery, as to make violins, lutes, and even church organs; but he is also an excellent musician. He has given me lessons on the flute, from which, I am told, I have greatly profited."

"And yet," remarked Madame Chigi, "you prefer the occupation of a goldsmith, to that exercised by your father."

"And I do not repent; for, without boasting, I may say that, although I have only three years devoted myself to my favourite art, yet, during that time, either on my own account, or on that of my different masters, I have already executed works of some importance in Florence, Pisa, and Sienna."

"Indeed, Monsieur Cellini, you tempt me to give your talent a trial."

"Oh! Madam, I shall be but too happy to give you a specimen of my skill."

At this reply of the young artist, the beautiful Portia left the gallery, leaving her companion to continue the conversation which she had commenced with Benvenuto. During the absence of Madame Chigi, Julia obtained from Cellini other interesting particulars.

Benvenuto was born in the year 1500, on the night of All Saints. Out of four children born previously, one little girl alone survived, and the parents of Benvenuto so earnestly desired a boy, that when the elder Cellini was told that Heaven had heard his prayers, he clasped his hands in a transport of pious gratitude, and exclaimed: "*il est le bien venu!*"* and when, at the baptism of his son, it was enquired what name was to be given to the child, he repeated the same words with which he had received the delightful news of his birth.

Benvenuto had two sisters, and a brother, two years younger than himself, who was called Ceschino, diminutive for Francesco, (Francis).

This Ceschino having expressed an ardent desire to enter the army, he was placed there at a very early age, but his overbearing temper and haughty manners involved him in frequent disputes. In conse-

* He is most welcome.

quence of a serious quarrel and fight, in which several friends of the two adversaries had taken a part, Benvenuto who had also mingled in the fray, was condemned, together with his brother, by the Council of Eight, to a banishment of six months.

On another occasion our young goldsmith, who was himself very irritable and quarrelsome, incurred a second time the anger of the Florentine magistrates. This time the sentence was so severe, that he fled from the city in disguise, and took refuge, first at Sienna, then at Rome, where he resolved to remain.

Whilst relating these facts to Julia, Benvenuto had reseated himself at his easel, and was sketching a figure of Jupiter, from an original by Urbin.

Portia soon re-appeared, holding in her hand a velvet case, from which she drew a lily composed of superb diamonds, mounted in gold. After having asked Cellini to value it, which he did with great skill and judgement, Madame Chigi expressed her desire to have this jewel re-set in a more elegant and novel style, and Benvenuto immediately sketched a design for a flower with which the young lady was delighted.

"Take the lily," said she, "and re-set it according to your plan; but take care of the old gold, and bring all to me as soon as you have finished it."

"You must confess, Monsieur Cellini," said Julia gaily, "that my friend is very confiding."

"And her confidence is not ill placed, Madame," replied the artist.

"I am sure of it," added Madame Chigi, "for I study physiognomy, and your countenance is that of an honest young man."

On saying these words, she bent her head kindly to the student, and retired with Julia.

After their departure Cellini finished his drawing of Jupiter, and then left the gallery taking with him Portia's jewel.

In less than a fortnight, he had re-set it with an elegance and originality, that merited the warmest praise from Madame Chigi. The lady paid him generously for this beautiful work, the diamonds appearing infinitely more brilliant than before, from the skill with which they were mounted.

Thanks to his amiable patroness, Benvenuto soon received so many orders that he was enabled to open a shop. From this epoch may be dated the celebrity of this great artist, who has produced so many chefs-d'œuvre, that the enumeration of them is almost impossible.

Besides vases, covers, chandeliers in massive silver, reliquaries enriched with precious stones, chalices and crucifixes of chased gold, the models of which he invented, and then executed the workmanship; Cellini made an immense quantity of jewellery, less expensive and valuable than those we have mentioned, but all admirable, for the grace of their design, and the delicacy of the workmanship.

We may mention amongst other things his stilet-toes, the handles and steel scabbards of which, were enriched and ornamented by leaves and flowers of gold, intermixed with figures of various animals ; his steel rings encrusted with gold in imitation of the antique ; buckles for the waist, clasps for mantles ; and the private seals of the cardinals.

In addition, Benvenuto was a sculptor. Several statues in bronze and marble—amongst others, that of Perseus bears testimony to his talent.

Pope Clement the Seventh, cousin to Leo the Tenth, and also the house of Medici, loaded Cellini with favours. Amongst the different specimens of his art which Benvenuto made expressly for his Holiness, was a beautiful clasp, in precious stones, for the pontifical cap. When the clever artist showed the waxen model of this ornament to Clement the Seventh, the latter was so delighted with it, that he appointed Benvenuto Master of the Mint, and when the clasp was finished, in addition to the price agreed upon, he gave him the office of mace-bearer ; the emoluments of which Cellini received, without fulfilling its functions, the pope not wishing that he should lose any of his valuable time in the exercise of this employment.

In various circumstances, this pontiff displayed great indulgence towards Cellini, whose great qualities scarcely compensated for his numerous defects. He has been reproached as being malicious, revengeful, false, and avaricious. Perhaps there might be

some exaggeration in these charges, but it is certain that he made himself as many enemies by his arrogance, as by the superiority of his talents. It must, however, in justice be admitted, that he always showed himself grateful for any marks of interest or kindness bestowed on him by different persons. The remembrance of his first patroness Madame Chigi, was never effaced from his grateful heart.

Although Rome was not his country, and he did not consider it his duty to defend it against the attack of the Imperial armies, commanded by Charles de Bourbon, Constable of France, yet we find him, urged by a sentiment of gratitude towards this hospitable city, and the Pontiff who was its sovereign, commanding the artillery on the ramparts of the Castle of St. Angelo, and himself directing the culverin from which he always obstinately maintained that he himself had fired the ball which killed the Duke of Bourbon.

The following anecdote will prove that he was enthusiastic in his admiration and in his friendships.

In his early youth, when his already very remarkable talent was not quite appreciated as it deserved, Benvenuto met with a sculptor named Pierre Torregiani; this man who had passed the greater part of his life in foreign courts, where his labours had been well remunerated, left England and arrived at Rome.

He proposed returning to England and invited Cellini to accompany him, on his second journey,


promising to introduce him to the king, from whom he might be certain of a kind reception.

"At all events," added Torregiani, "I must have some one to assist me in making several bronze statues which have been ordered in England, and therefore you are sure of occupation and of money."

This proposal delighted Benvenuto, and he determined to accompany Torregiani; when one day, the latter, during dinner, owed to his having, when a child, given to Michael Angelo Buonarotti, who was about the same age as himself, such a violent blow with a whip, across his face, that his nose was completely flattened, and had ever continued to remain so.

Although Cellini did not doubt that Michael Angelo had provoked this ill treatment by some of those biting sarcasms with which he was wont to overwhelm his companions, yet he felt so indignant at the brutal act of Torregiani, that he would never again associate with him, and renounced all idea of his journey to England. At that time he only knew Buonarotti by his works, but at a later period, during his stay in Rome, he became intimate with that great man, and also with Julio Romano.

Cellini also gave a striking proof of his affection for his family. From the first moment that he began to earn money, he regularly put a portion aside every month, for the benefit of his father and sisters.

 We have before said that Clement the Seventh,

the liberal promoter of the arts, and protector of artists; whom he warmly encouraged and liberally recompensed, had declared himself the patron of Cellini, who however somewhat abused his indulgence. This pontiff died in 1534, and was succeeded by Paul the Third.

At first the new pope evinced great kindness towards Cellini, and ordered him to make a book cover of pure gold, richly carved, and ornamented with precious stones. This beautiful piece of workmanship, valued at six thousand crowns, was to be the binding of an Office of the Blessed Virgin, which was enriched with rare vignettes and splendidly illuminated; it was destined by Paul as a present for Charles the Fifth.

On the return of this Emperor, from his expedition to Africa against the Turkish corsair Cherondin, he paid a visit to the Holy Father, but the magnificent present intended for him was not finished. Paul, however, sent Benvenuto to show Charles the design of the work, which the emperor greatly admired.

Some time after, Cellini, who had received numerous invitations from Francis the First, set out for France; but on his arrival at Fontainebleau, he found the king, who received him in the kindest and most flattering manner, preparing to leave for Lyons. Thither he invited Benvenuto to follow him, but the latter being taken ill, and fearing to die in a strange country, returned to Rome.

His enemies had profited by his absence, to prejudice the Pope against him, and although their accusations were probably false, yet on his return, notwithstanding his indisposition, he was arrested by order of His Holiness, and imprisoned in the Castle of St. Angelo, where he was at first treated with great kindness.

In consequence, however, of an attempt to escape in which Cellini broke his leg, he was more strictly guarded, and a new governor aggravated the misery of his situation. To add to his real troubles, Benvenuto imagined that his enemies had paid those who served him in prison, to mix diamond powder in his food, and thus cause him to die a lingering death.

Our artist made such an uproar on the discovery of this supposed plot, that the Pope was informed of it, and the Cardinal Ferrara, being then on a visit at Rome, and begging, in the name of the king of France, the pardon of Benvenuto, he recovered his liberty, by which he profited and repaired a second time to the court of Francis the First, by whom he was affectionately received, and where he remained five or six years.

Amongst the various works which Cellini executed for "Le Grand Roi," for thus he was pleased to style the chivalrous monarch, whose affable manners had completely won his heart, was a golden salt cellar, mounted on an ebony stand, which was also enriched with figures of the same metal. He modelled

also two statues of Victory, for the gate of the Castle of Fontainebleau, and presented to his Majesty the plan of a magnificent fountain to occupy the principal court of this palace.

We may judge what would have been the colossal beauty of this monument, by the projected height of figure of the god Mars, which was to have decorated the centre of the court, and the height of which was to have been fifty feet.

Out of the twelve candlesticks in massive silver, that Francis had ordered for his own table, and which were to be supported by six gods and as many goddesses, of human size, one alone, Jupiter, was finished.

The silver necessary to complete such magnificent works failed, and Benvenuto, with whose irritable character we are already acquainted, disgusted with the court, by the intrigues which were incessantly directed against him, quitted France, notwithstanding the efforts of the king to retain him.

He passed the remainder of his life at Florence, his birth-place, where he died in 1570.

Aline de Coulanges ;

OR,

THE DANGER OF IGNORANCE.

I.

LABOUR, my dear young friends, to gain knowledge, for like a good mother it will console you in misfortune and assist you to escape from it. Wealth is fragile, pleasure is fleeting, and often leaves regret behind; knowledge alone never abandons us, the companion of the prisoner, the sunshine of the afflicted; it is the source of every virtue, as idleness is that of every vice.

These truths Monsieur de Coulanges often repeated to his only daughter Aline, a young girl about thirteen years of age; but, alas! the poor child never profited by her father's lessons. Fortune had hitherto always smiled, her least desires were gratified, she could not understand the meaning of the

word misfortune ; nor did she wish to do anything to guard against it.

One morning, M. de Coulanges was in his room with his daughter ; the latter was preparing to take her usual daily walk, and Antoine, the old servant, was preparing to accompany his young mistress.

“Are you then incorrigible, idle girl?” said M. de Coulanges to Aline, who had approached to kiss him before going out; “Will you never change your conduct? Have you no wish to study? Believe me, you will one day have cause to regret this lost time.”

“Dear father, only this one day and to-morrow—”

“To-morrow” said M. de Coulanges, “will be the same, and you think that, because I am rich, and you have fine clothes and ornaments, it is useless for you to know anything but how to dress and amuse yourself? But Aline, all this may change; if God does not wish us to doubt his goodness, it is still less his will, that we should neglect to make ourselves worthy of it.”

Aline had walked slowly towards the door whilst her father was speaking, when he had finished, she closed the door without reply, and Antoine followed her.

After having run hither and thither, apparently without any object for about an hour, she at last took a little path that led to the cottage of her old nurse Marcel, who, with her little grand-daughter sat spinning before the door. On perceiving Aline, the

good old Marcel and Mariette arose to meet her ; but she peevishly threw herself down on the little lawn before the cottage.

" You seem very tired, Ma'amselle ? Are you not ? Will you take anything ? " said Marcel.

" Thank you, I don't wish for anything ; but I dare say Antoine may, he will follow you, and I will stay with Mariette. " And she signed to the latter to resume her seat.

The two young girls, seated side by side, presented a singular contrast ; the elegant robe of Aline mingled with the woollen petticoat of Mariette, and her white trowsers edged with lace touched the wooden shoes of the little peasant girl.

" Go on with your work, Mariette, " said Aline pointing to the wheel, with the end of the pretty little parasol, she held in her hand.

" What, Mademoiselle, work in your presence ? "

" Certainly, it will amuse me ? "

Mariette began to spin. She had scarcely resumed her work three minutes, when Aline, who did not probably find in it the amusement she expected, suddenly broke the silence.

" How I pity you ! " said she with a sigh, " being obliged to work thus all the day. You must be very tired, my poor Mariette ? "

" Me ? Oh ! no, Mademoiselle, I assure you I have no time to feel tired. "

" But have you not any rest ? What do you do all day ? "

"Oh, in the morning I say my prayers, then I work with my grandmother, who could not support me by her labour alone, and in the evening I read to her. It is very amusing to read."

Aline blushed, she could not understand the pleasure, for to her shame, we must own, that this unfortunate little girl, notwithstanding the efforts of her masters and entreaties of her father, knew neither how to read or write.

"It is true," resumed Mariette, "we are not so happy as you, Mademoiselle, we are not rich; but for all that, when the day is over, I feel very contented and happy, for I have been well employed."

Aline became thoughtful, the example of the little country girl aroused her conscience, but she soon stifled its reproaches by thinking "But indeed, my father is rich, there cannot be any necessity for me to labour."

Two hours later, Aline entered her father's study Monsieur de Coulanges seemed buried in deep meditation, his eyes were cast down, and in his hand, he held a paper which seemed to have occasioned his sadness. The period of time of which we are writing, was towards the close of the year 1792, and the paper, which M. de Coulanges held in his hand, was a journal describing the agitation in Paris, and stating that the nobles were leaving their property and taking refuge in Coblenz. At the noise of Aline's entrance, M. de Coulanges

raised his head and, perceiving her, burst into tears.

“What is the matter, Papa?” said the little girl, throwing her hands round his neck. Monsieur de C. turned away his head. “Oh, my good papa, speak to your Aline, who will console you in your grief, if not your child?”

The Marquis was still silent, Aline cast down her eyes, and saw the journal which had fallen on the carpet; she guessed it to have caused her father's grief, and she immediately seized it to discover the hidden secret; but the moment after, she threw it down in despair.

Meanwhile M. de Coulanges arose. For some time he paced the room, in a state of painful agitation, and then, controlling himself by a violent effort, he stopped.

“Aline!” said he, in a mournful voice, “if it were necessary to leave this place very soon, perhaps to-day; if you were obliged to give up, for some time at least, all your amusements, and live like our peasants; if you were compelled to exchange this château for a cottage, could you courageously support the change?”

“Oh! but why suppose so dreadful a thing, papa?” said she uneasily.

“Because my fears will, perhaps, very soon become sad realities; and then we must fly for the life of your father.”

“Alas!” exclaimed Aline sobbing bitterly, “Oh! then let us go, let us go at once; I shall be glad to wear the coarsest clothes, if that will save your life, my dearest father.”

II.

SOME months after this conversation, Aline and her father were living, unnoticed and unknown, in a little village in Burgundy, a few leagues distant from the Château of M. de Coulanges. Beloved as he was, by all the country people, this worthy nobleman had easily found a safe retreat amongst them. But, for Aline, there was an end to all ornaments, walks, and amusements. Liveried servants no longer awaited their orders, instead of commanding they were obliged to obey, in order that they might not arouse suspicion.

Aline wore the costume of a simple village girl, and she was obliged to share in the labours of the children of the kind farmer, who risked his own safety to save his master.

One evening as all the family were assembling around their frugal supper table, a violent knocking was heard at the gate of the court, Aline, as if seized with an involuntary presentiment, turned pale with terror and rushed to her father.

Every one looked towards the door with countenances of fear and indecision ; but as the knocking increased in violence, farmer Michel at length arose and opened the door.

A man, envelopped in a large mantle, rushed in, and shut it violently after him.

“What do you want, Monsieur?” exclaimed Michel, in an ill-tempered voice, “this is not a time to be running over the country.”

“Pardon me, Sir ; you are a generous humane man—my life is in your hands ; I am proscribed, pursued—fortunately my enemies have lost all trace of me in this village. Oh, save me !”

Whilst saying these words, he had advanced into the apartment.

Monsieur de Coulanges could not repress a slight movement of terror which did not escape the notice of the stranger. A slight and momentary smile of satisfaction contracted his lips. “This man,” murmured he, between his teeth, “is doubtless the one—I was not deceived ; but I must have proofs.” And immediately his countenance resumed its former expression of supplicating terror.

“Sir,” resumed he, joining his hands, “conceal me, if but for a day or two, and I will then go ; I should be unwilling to compromise you.”

The good farmer appeared softened by this prayer, and after reflecting a moment, said, “Well ! be it so ; take that labourer’s place at the fire ; Michel has never yet repulsed misfortune ; heaven

grant that I may have no cause to repent having given you hospitality !”

He placed a plate before his guest, and when supper was finished, he ordered a bed to be prepared for him.

The stranger had been some days at the farm, and had succeeded in gaining the confidence of every member of the family, especially that of Aline, whom he unceasingly endeavoured to flatter and please, when one morning, one of the farmer's little boys ran breathlessly to the young girl with a carefully sealed packet, saying that a stranger had told him to deliver it privately.

Aline took the letter, turned it round, and was preparing to take it to her father, when the stranger who was present and guessed her embarrassment, suddenly stopped her on perceiving the address.

“This letter is for me,” said he, “it is from a friend who knows my retreat. Give it me, give it me quickly, I am impatient to know——” And whilst speaking, he tore open the envelope, and read as follows :—

“My dear de Coulanges,—You are not in safety at farmer Michel's house ; emissaries are in pursuit of you ; your life is in danger if you do not fly immediately.”

On reading this note, the countenance of the stranger expressed a fereocious joy that terrified poor Aline. A fearful presentiment seized her, she rush-

ed toward the unknown, as if to tear the paper from his grasp, but—he had gone.

Bewildered with consternation and dread, she sank motionless on a chair, gazing on the envelope which she had picked up, and bathing it with her tears. At this moment, Monsieur de Coulanges entered.

“What do I see? Tears! What is the matter, my child? and what is the meaning of this paper? The letter it contained was addressed to me. I recognize the writing of Count de Mesnil.”

Aline uttered a piercing cry, and fell at her father’s feet.

“Pardon! Forgive me! your child is very guilty,” exclaimed she in despair.

“You make me tremble. Have you lost the letter?”

“No! Oh no! he has carried it away.”

“Who?”

“The stranger, who I believed was our friend, and who told me the letter belonged to him.”

“Unfortunate girl! you have ruined me.” cried M. de Coulanges, sinking on a seat.

Aline was still embracing her father’s feet, and weeping bitterly, when the door opened, and several men entered the room, with the stranger at their head.

“In the name of the law,” said he, “I order you to arrest the Marquis de Coulanges.”

The latter arose, embraced poor Aline whom he

had already pardoned, and left the room, casting a glance of pitying contempt on the infamous spy, who had thus abused the humanity of an old man, and the ignorance of a young girl.

Aline once more threw herself into her father's arms: "Oh! I will save you," murmured she, in his ear, "I will save you, my father!" and she fell fainting into the arms of Michel.

III.

M. DE COULANGES was led to Paris, and imprisoned in the Conciergerie. The next morning, at day-break, Aline, accompanied by Antoine, who had never left them, set out from Bonvray, nor had the young girl any occasion to incite the courage of the faithful old servant, although they had to travel on foot, in very severe weather.

On their arrival in Paris, Antoine made various enquiries, and two days after, Aline stood before the door of one of the most notorious and dreaded men of that sad epoch.

The poor child trembled like a leaf; but the remembrance of the oath she had made to her father, and which she so ardently desired to accomplish, sustained her.

Her application for admission was at first rejected;

but not discouraged, she waited patiently, and seizing the first favourable opportunity ; she slipped unperceived into the apartment of the dreaded representative of the people. Danton was seated before a desk covered with papers, which he was busy reading ; he did not at first hear the entrance of Aline, but when the latter stood close by his side, he started.

“What do you want?” said he roughly.

“The pardon of my father, Sir,” replied the young girl, throwing herself at his feet.

“The pardon of your father? nothing but that,” replied the latter in a sneering tone, “and pray what is his name?”

“The Marquis de Coulanges.”

Danton frowned, but made no answer. Aline, who watched his slightest movement, trembled under his severe look.

“I can do nothing for him,” stammered he at length, “I am not the master of his fate, others must decide it.”

“But, Sir, I promised my father to save him,” said Aline, bathing Danton’s hands with her tears ; “he depends upon me, Oh ! hear my prayer, I will not leave you without bearing with me one word of hope.”

“It is perchance too late.”

“Oh ! then hasten, Sir, in pity hasten,” cried the wretched Aline sobbing violently ; “each passing moment may be preparing for me eternal regret, for

I destroyed him. Oh, in mercy! kill me if you like, but save my father."

Danton was not so brutal as to be insensible to every sentiment of humanity; he was affected by Aline's tears and pleading, and raising her from the ground with more gentleness than he had hitherto displayed: "Well, well! little one," said he, "I will endeavour to intercede for your father, but stay, there is a way for you to repair the evil you have caused. You wish to save your father? Well! ask his pardon, write to his judges, I will present your letter."

And Danton immediately left the room, pointing coldly to the desk. Joy and hope once more caused Aline to forget her fatal ignorance. She ran to seat herself at the table; but she was immediately recalled to the horror of her position. The fate of her father was in her hands; but a few lines, and he was safe, and yet she could not save him, and every expression of filial love was stifled in her breast, she could not write them. She was obliged to remain dumb, as one may say, when on a word, perhaps on a single word, might depend the life of her father! Oh, terrible thought! Oh, fatal ignorance! The horror of her position was too overwhelming for a child unused to suffering, Aline struck her forehead and tore her fair hair in despair.

At this moment, a little girl, considerably younger than Aline, bounded into the room, but on seeing

the grief of the latter, she gently approached to console her.

Aline looked at her earnestly : " Do you know how to write ?" asked she.

" Certainly," replied the astonished child.

Aline clasped her in her arms, and embraced her with frenzied excitement ; she would have perhaps beaten her as readily, if she had found the little girl as ignorant as herself. Then, without adding another word, she hastily placed her little friend in the chair from which she had risen, and pointing to a sheet of paper, she exclaimed :

" Write, write quickly, it is to save my father."

" What has your father done ?"

" Nothing ; he is noble. But write."

" He is a noble ; oh ! but then my uncle will scold me ; for he does not love them."

" Who is your uncle ?"

" Citizen Danton," replied the little girl.

" Then you need not fear, he has pardoned him."

The child still hesitated ; but, on seeing the tears of Aline, she began to weep in her turn, and wrote what the latter dictated.

Danton kept his promise ; the Marquis was restored to liberty. Aline had been sufficiently punished for her ignorance ; and God, as a recompence for her sufferings, restored to her her dear father.

Monsieur de Coulanges, after having realized his remaining property, went to Coblenz, where he lived in happy retirement, enjoying the attentions of

faithful old Antoine, and the caresses of his daughter, who soon learnt, I can tell you, my young friends, to read the sad details of the perils which her father had so happily escaped.

Matthew Schinner,

I.—A SCHOLAR OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

TOWARDS the end of the month of December, 1484, a little country boy, about fourteen years of age, entered the city of Berne in Switzerland. His clothes were covered with snow, his naked feet were stained with blood; cold, fatigue, and hunger had left their traces on his pale face.

But although his clothes were ragged, his carriage was dignified, his figure was neat and well-made, and his eyes were full of vivacity and intelligence. After having wandered some time in the streets, he perceived the Cathedral, which he immediately entered, and was soon absorbed in prayer.

It was dark when he left the ancient and stately church, and the few passers by were hastening to their homes.

Seeing himself alone, without home or friends, without money, in the deserted streets, the poor boy began to weep, his courage abandoned him. To protect himself from the North-East wind and blinding snow, he took refuge in the angle of a door-way, and there, weakened by hunger, shivering under a freezing sky, he crouched down, murmuring a prayer, and would have died a miserable death, if a poor woman, who lived in the house, had not opened the door, on hearing his moans.

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed she, "it is a child, and a pretty one too!"

She assisted him to rise, and taking his arm, led him into her humble dwelling. The boy benumbed and half stupified with cold, had not strength to thank his benefactress, and she felt unwilling to question him in that condition. To stir up the fire, seat the young boy near the chimney, and give him some food which he ate with avidity, was for the good woman, the work of a moment. But when her little protégé, revived by the warmth, and refreshed by food, looked at her with eyes full of tears of joy and gratitude,

"God be praised," said she, "he is saved!"

Then embracing him with all the tenderness of a mother, she said:—

"Now tell me how it happened I found you deserted in the streets. You are certainly not of this country. Have you no relatives? Have you no one to take care of you?"

"Alas! no, good and kind mother. My name is Matthew Schinner, and I was born at Sions in Haut Calais, twenty leagues from hence. After the death of my parents, (poor and worthy people, may they rest in peace,) I was taken care of, and educated by the curé of our parish. And now as I have been fortunate enough to profit by his lessons, I have come to complete my studies at Berne. I have heard that there are at this university, celebrated professors, and perhaps by ceaseless labour, I also may become learned."

"Hum! hum! These scholars have fine ideas! Our soldiers, who have performed their duty so well at Granson and Murat, did not know their alphabet, and yet the powerful Duke of Burgundy was obliged to fly before them. But no one now knows what he would invent. It appears that the Germans have discovered at Mayence the Art of Printing, as they call it. I hope it may not be an invention of the Devil!" The good woman made the sign of the cross, then taking the hand of her young guest:

"How did you travel so far as this, my poor little one?"

"On foot and asking alms, my good mother. The shepherds on the mountains allowed me to sleep in their huts, and no one ever refused me a bowl of milk and a piece of bread; but I am very much afraid—" added the boy sighing deeply, "that the inhabitants of large towns——"

"Come, come, little ungrateful one, be silent,

there are good people everywhere. I am not rich, so much the worse ; but I will never abandon any of God's creatures who have need of me. Remain here, then, my child, until you can find a better home ; we will share our daily bread.

This proposal was accepted with the greatest gratitude.

The joy of Jane (that was the name of Matthew's protectress) was almost as great as his own. This poor woman, so isolated, without either family or friends, living by her labour from day to day, was glad to attach herself to an orphan. It is amongst those who suffer, that misfortune most frequently finds cordial and spontaneous assistance. Jane became the adoptive mother of the little wanderer, and lavished on him all her long-restrained affection. On his part, Matthew was not ungrateful ; indeed no gratitude could be more ardent, more attentive, or more delicate. On Sundays, he accompanied Jane to Divine Service, and afterwards in her walks on the banks of the Aar ; on other days he never went out except to the University ; and as soon as his studies were finished, he returned home. Reading and writing day and night, he still found time to assist his adoptive mother in her household labours. In the evening, seated by the fireside, he talked to her enthusiastically of science, the mistress of the world, and related to her his ambitious dreams on the future.

The good woman sometimes shook her head,

saying that the Holy Scriptures ought to be sufficient for a Christian; but Matthew read to her such beautiful histories, translated from the Latin and Italian, that she at length became reconciled to profane authors. She embraced her dear son, and encouraged him with a sweet smile to persevere in his labours.

This peaceful and laborious life was, however, sometimes clouded by misery. Jane's spinning wheel supported both herself and the student; but when work failed, the bread chest became empty. Then Matthew, at the close of his day's study, would go to beg in the streets, and frequently returned with his purse well supplied. His appearance was so neat and gentle, that no one refused his modest petition.

At the period of time, of which we are writing, there was nothing disgraceful in this kind of mendicity. For a long time, knowledge could only be obtained by great industry and privations, and the poor students who had not a fellowship in a college were obliged to have recourse to public benevolence, in order to continue their studies, and procure a subsistence.

After studying four years in the University of Berne, Matthew, whose desire for knowledge was insatiable, determined, notwithstanding his great affection for his adoptive mother, to go to Italy, where the Arts and Belles-Lettres had received new encouragement and cultivation since the arrival

there of the Greek savants, who had been driven from Constantinople by Mahomet the Second.

Great was the grief of Jane on learning this resolution. What would become of her without her little Matthew? He also hesitated to separate himself from his benefactress, his second mother, but his affection for her was conquered by his love of knowledge.

"Adieu, dear mother," said the young student, tenderly wiping the tears from her cheeks, "I shall never forget you, and if God grants me life, I will soon see you again; but then I hope to be rich and powerful."

"Be always a good man, dear child," replied Jane, "that is my ambition."

She accompanied Matthew some distance from the town, and when at length he left her, she watched his receding figure until distance hid him from her sight, then weeping bitterly, she returned home, and for many days her cottage appeared to her more dreary, and her poverty harder to endure.

II.—THE CARDINAL OF SION'S DINNER.

SEVERAL years after, on a beautiful spring day, the good city of Berne presented a noisy and animated spectacle, which contrasted singularly with its usual

calm. The streets were filled with an immense crowd; countrymen and citizens, labourers and noble lords were all clothed in their holiday garb.

The cause of this unaccustomed agitation, was the arrival of the celebrated Cardinal of Sion, who had been sent, by Pope Julius the Second, as legate extraordinary into Switzerland.

This high dignitary of the Church enjoyed great influence at Rome, and actively seconded the policy of the Sovereign Pontiff.* The Bernese therefore offered him a reception worthy, not only of himself, but of the Holy See, which he represented. The clergy, the senate, the university, and the corporation went in great pomp to meet the prelate, and conducted him with great respect to the palace, which had been splendidly decorated for his reception.

The first magistrate of Berne would not yield to any one the honour of entertaining such an illustrious guest, and invited the principal inhabitants of the city to dine at his mansion with the Legate. The cardinal, in order to show his gratitude for the kind welcome he had received, invited all the nobles who were then present, to a grand banquet on the following day.

At daybreak, on the morrow, the Major-Domo of

* The Cardinal of Sion who died at Rome at an advanced age, drew the Swiss from their alliance with the French, and his incessant intrigues contributed not a little to deprive the latter of their conquests in Italy. Francis the First said "that the eloquence of the Cardinal had been more disastrous to him than the valour of the Swiss."

his Eminence was seen to pass hastily down a narrow street which the prelate had pointed out to him, and rap at the door of a very poor house. Workmen of all kinds accompanied him.

An old woman opened the door, complaining bitterly that she had been disturbed so early.

"What do you desire, Sir?" said she, greatly confused at speaking to a person so richly dressed.

"His Eminence, the illustrious Cardinal of Sion," replied the steward, "intends to dine at your house to-day, with all the nobles and magistrates of the city. It is a great honour for you, my good woman; but you must understand that so many noble lords cannot be entertained in such a humble dwelling. I have therefore orders to prepare for their proper reception. Come, men," added he, "to your work, time presses."

Immediately, disregarding the cries, complaints, and exclamations of the old woman, who could not comprehend this extraordinary caprice of the cardinal, the workmen began their labour. They knocked down the partitions, removed the furniture to a neighbouring granary, and formed in a few hours, the whole of the house into one large hall, which they hung with beautiful tapestry, and then prepared the banquet.

About noon, (for in the sixteenth century, people dined at that hour) the Cardinal of Sion left his palace, followed by his gentlemen, the magistrates, and the nobles of Berne. The preparations for the

banquet, executed by the Major-Domo in so unusual a manner, had excited the public curiosity to the highest pitch. The streets were crowded with people, and regardless of the respect due to the ambassador of the Pope, more than one citizen had not hesitated to say, that his Eminence did not appear in the perfect enjoyment of his senses. The astonishment of the noble cortege was extreme when they saw the Cardinal direct his steps towards the poorest quarter of the town. Every one thought him mistaken, and the Mayor ventured to address to him a very humble remonstrance ; but the Cardinal interrupted him, saying, with a smile,

“I know the city as well as you do, and I beg you will believe that I also know whither I am leading my guests.”

Having arrived at the little cottage, from which his steward had expelled the poor woman in such an expeditious manner ; the Cardinal stopped, and deep emotion was depicted on his countenance. Deep silence reigned in the crowd, they awaited some unexpected occurrence, they were at last to learn the great secret, the object of so many comments !

The legate, who appeared to seek some one, and whose emotion momentarily increased, invited his guests by a gesture to follow him into this novel banquet hall, when a cry of joy and astonishment was heard, and the old woman of the house, rushing from the midst of a group standing near the door, flew towards the Cardinal, exclaiming—

"My little Matthew! My Matthew Schinner! I shall become mad with joy."

Great was the astonishment of the crowd, when this great dignitary of the church, after embracing the poor woman, turned with tearful eyes towards his noble guests, and said—

"Noble lords, this is my mother, you will dine with her to-day."

Jane, (our reader will have recognised the adoptive mother of the little student of Berne) confused at her audacity, threw herself at his feet; but the Cardinal kindly raised her, and offering his arm, led her amongst the acclamations of the crowd, into that house where so much of his youth had been spent.

At table he placed her at his right-hand, called her mother, and begged that she would as formerly give him the simple name of Matthew. At length to satisfy the curiosity of his guests, the illustrious prelate related to them how the good old woman had received him, when a poor child, wandering in the streets of Berne. He added that he had never forgotten her maternal care, and that constant labour had prevented him visiting her before. But being made Cardinal of Sion (it was, as we know, his birth-place), and sent into Switzerland as legate of the Pope, he had hastened to Berne, to see his adoptive mother!

* * * * *

"And now, Jane," said the cardinal, embracing

her tenderly, "was I not right when I told you that with Education nothing is impossible to man?"

On his departure, he left her his furniture, and the plate which had been used at the feast, and settled on her an annual pension of fifty ducats, which was a large fortune at that period. Jane lived many years happy and respected, relating to every stranger, how she had had the honour of dining in her own house with the Cardinal of Sion.

**"AVEC DE L'INSTRUCTION RIEN N'EST IMPOSSIBLE
A L'HOMME."**

William and his Monkey ;
OR,
THE MISERY OF COVETOUSNESS AND
INTOXICATION.

ONE fine July afternoon, in the year 1843, a number of persons were crowded together on the Boulevard des Italiens, exactly opposite the Café Tortoni.

The object of attraction was a young Auvergnese called William, and his monkey, the latter dressed as a Chinese prince. There was not certainly any novelty in the sight, for the visits of the boy and his monkey in the same place were of daily occurrence—but Jacquot was an animal of extraordinary agility and accomplishments, and supported not only his master, but his master's grandmother.

Scarcely a day passed that William was not able to carry home, three or four francs earned by the gambols and tricks of his little friend. We say friend, for although the affection between William

and his grandmother was deep and sincere, yet between the boy and the monkey there was a continual exchange of care and gratitude, tenderness and obedience, instructions and chatterings ; a perfect reciprocity of little services which might have served as an excellent lesson to a great part of the world. Men are doubtless more intelligent than certain animals, but too often far less grateful.

Jacquot ate, slept, and rose with his master. All was shared by the friends, joy and suffering, food and hunger.

When a smile parted the rosy lips of the Auvergnese, Jacquot was sure to perform his most clever tricks, and if his sagacity detected indifference on the part of the bystanders, his ragged Majesty would take off his cap, ornamented with little bells, and present it to the circle of admiring gazers, with an air of such absurd and beseeching dignity, that few could resist his pleading. But when the rain or cold obliged the most determined walkers to seek refuge in their own homes, and William was unable to collect sufficient money for their daily expenses, then Jacquot appeared truly disconsolate, and not all the reproaches and entreaties of his master could arouse his energy, or soften his stubbornness.

On the day of which we are writing, William had resolved to display the accomplishments of his Chinese prince. He dressed him in his best jacket, hat, and shoes, and having thus as he thought, prepared the illustrious Jacquot to appear to the best

advantage, they set out together for the Boulevards. As soon as they appeared, they were surrounded on every side.

"Look at that astonishing little monkey!" cried one, "he has scrambled up to the top of the highest tree; and there he sits, swinging like a hammock and making a thousand grimaces."

"See!" exclaimed another, "he has thrown himself down on the seat of that carriage, by the side of the fat coachman in gold and crimson livery."

"Do you see him now stealing roasted potatoes from that old woman's basket?" added a third; "what a cunning rogue! but what a pretty little face for a monkey! Oh! look! look!"

And the crowd increased, and Jacquot's bag began rapidly to fill with penny pieces.

At this moment, a sudden shower of rain scattered the people, in every direction, to find shelter, and a good-natured looking porter, striking William on the shoulder, said,—

"Come, my boy, into this café; you have made me laugh until I cried, with the tricks of that monkey of yours; so it is only fair I should treat you with half a pint of wine in return. Come, and let us enjoy ourselves until the rain has ceased."

William hesitated, his grandmother had made him promise that he would never enter such places, and remembering her wishes, he, after a moment's pause, faintly declined the stranger's offer.

"Nonsense!" said the man, "I don't want to

make you tipsy, but come in, and take one little glass to our better friendship, for I see we are countrymen."

This last word, country, decided William, he had not strength of mind to act up to his good resolutions, and he followed his new friend into the café, who, as soon as they were seated, ordered a bottle of wine and some pork cutlets.

In the enjoyment of these good things, our little Auvergnese forgot the advice of his grandmother. He eat and drank all that was given him, joined his companions in the chorus of their drinking songs, and when at length, they rose to leave the café, William was intoxicated.

"It is strange, how all the houses are dancing to-day!" stammered he; "perhaps it is a great festival and they are all enjoying themselves."

Half uttering such senseless words, William went staggering along the streets, shunned by all good people, who shed tears to see such early depravity, and an object of contempt, even to those who were as destitute of moral courage and principle as himself.

Let us constantly remember, my dear readers, that although the vicious and wicked are always glad and desirous to make others as bad as themselves, yet are they ever the most severe and uncharitable towards the poor victims they lead into error.

As the Auvergnese was thus tottering along the Boulevard, on his way home, vainly endeavouring to

win some trifling endearment from Jacquot, who had been clinging to his shoulder, for some time, with great dissatisfaction and disapprobation, he was suddenly stopped by a youth of about fifteen years of age, accompanied by a servant in livery.

"Well! William," said he, "have you decided to sell your monkey? You know this is the third time I have asked you, Jacquot I must have. I have a passion for monkeys."

"Better ask me to sell my head," replied the Auvergnese unhesitatingly.

"So you will not then have my beautiful gold pieces," said young Ernest de Beaulieu, drawing five Napoléons from his pocket and holding them towards William.

"Oh, the beauties!" exclaimed William, covetous eagerness sparkling in his bright eyes; "how I wish I had them!"

"It is your own fault if you have not; I offer them to you again in exchange for your friend Jacquot, whose cleverness I have so long admired; come, here are five Napoléons, 100 francs; my father gave me the money to purchase what I please, and you see I give the preference to Jacquot."

The sight of the gold, added to the wine William had drank, completely turned his brain.

"Let me see," said he, taking the five Napoléons, and shaking them in his hand.

"Come, decide quickly," said Ernest, "you know

with this sum you can live, for three months, without work."

"But what will my grandmother say, when she sees me return without my monkey?—And my poor Jacquot, my faithful companion, my best friend . . . —It is strange, how everything turns round to-day! See! the café Tortoni is now on the opposite side of the Boulevard! I don't know what I am doing;—Stay, Monsieur Ernest, we will make the bargain, here take my monkey, and give me your beautiful gold pieces."

Ernest did not wait for a second invitation; he gave the money to the Auvergnese, seized Jacquot, gave him to the servant, and walked away.

William was unable to reach home, sick and stupefied his legs failed him, and he sunk down in a corner of the street. After a heavy slumber of two or three hours, he awoke feverish and bewildered; the sharp evening air soon however restored his consciousness, and he began by degrees to remember the detestable fault of which he had been guilty, and to feel a bitter regret for having exchanged his Jacquot for a hundred francs. His Jacquot! his friend! whose sagacity and cleverness made him at once a companion and a livelihood; his dear Jacquot was no longer near him!—What would his grandmother say! for she loved and cared for the little animal almost as much as her grandson. The hundred francs would scarcely supply their necessities

for three months, whereas the monkey continually provided bread and fuel at the least.

William wept bitterly, he could scarcely summon up courage to return home, yet he must do so, for his grandmother would be already very uneasy at his protracted absence.

Pale and trembling, he at last reached and opened the door of their little room. On the first glance at his wretched mournful countenance, his grandmother guessed all.

"Unfortunate boy!" exclaimed she, in a tone of bitter anguish, "you have lost Jacquot!"

"No, dear grandmother," replied he humbly, "I was induced to enter a wine-house, notwithstanding my promises to the contrary, and your good advice, I got tipsy, and when I was more senseless than the brutes, I sold my monkey for a hundred francs."

"Alas! alas!" cried the old woman in despair, "we are ruined!" and, sitting down on a chair, she covered her face with her apron and wept bitterly.

"Not quite, dear grandmother, I have plenty of money to last until I can buy another monkey."

Whilst saying this, the boy was searching every pocket; suddenly he uttered a piercing shriek, and fell fainting on the ground; there was nothing in his pockets, nothing!—the hundred francs had been stolen from him, whilst he was sleeping in the street!

Poor unfortunate boy! Let us however leave William to himself and see what became of Jacquot.

Jacquot had been taken to one of the most splendid mansions on the Boulevard du Gand. The family of Beaulieu were delighted with Ernest's purchase, and endeavoured to receive the renowned monkey in a worthy manner. It was agreed that the costume of a Chinese prince, although royal, should be replaced by that of a Spanish bandit; and that the common vulgar name of Jacquot should be exchanged for the pompous one of Fra Diavolo. They threw away his faded tinsel—covered him with velvet, gold, and lace—and loaded him with bonbons, fruits, and cakes.

For the first few days, after his change of residence, our poor monkey was so melancholy at the loss of his dear master, that he allowed himself to be dressed and undressed, and carried about with truly exemplary docility.

Humbled and dejected, Jacquot at first submitted to the yoke of his new master, but soon he began to pursue a different line of conduct, and scratched, bit, and fought all who dared to approach him. In three days, he had become the terror and tyrant of Count Beaulieu's quiet household. One morning he broke two china cups, an alabaster clock, and a superb crystal vase. In the evening when Madame Beaulieu was dressing for a ball, he tore her beautiful tulle dress and scarf into a thousand pieces and threw them out of the window; he scratched the cat's eyes out, devoured three canaries, strangled the parrot, stole the count's wig and put it into the

water butt, broke a looking-glass, and threw the Countess's rings into the fire.

Things were in this state, when one morning Ernest met poor William, in the Rue de Vendôme. Sorrow had pressed heavily on the Auvergnese. His bright eye was dim, his rosy cheeks were faded, and his happy mischievous smile was gone. His figure was attenuated by sickness, and his limbs were scantily covered by dirty worn-out clothes—for, alas! he had been obliged to sell his neat woollen blouse and shoes for food. In this deplorable condition, William was begging from door to door. What a difference between this poor miserable boy, and the happy owner of Jacquot whose pockets had always been well filled.

Ernest at first did not recognise him, but, after a second look, he said kindly,—

“My poor William, you seem very poor and unhappy now, what is the matter?”

“Alas! sir,” replied the Auvergnese, bursting into tears, “when I sold you Jacquot, my dear companion, I lost all happiness and comfort; your five gold pieces—to possess which I sacrificed so much—were stolen from me; my grandmother has been very ill ever since that sad day, I have not been able to earn anything, and we are dying of cold and hunger. Oh! the good God has punished me for being so covetous and naughty; never more will I enter a wine shop.”

And poor William's tears fell faster than before.

"Come with me, my poor boy," said the young man, deeply affected at this recital ; "come you shall again see your old companion."

And William followed Ernest and his tutor to the Hôtel de Beaulieu.

"Father," said Ernest, on entering the study where the Count was breakfasting, "I have an interesting tale to tell you about Fra Diavolo, your aversion."

And after embracing the Countess, who that moment came into the room, Ernest related to them both the history of his purchase, and the present misery of William and his grandmother.

"Unfortunate boy!" interrupted the Countess, "he has then lost everything, his monkey, his livelihood, and the gold he so much coveted. What do you think we can do, Ernest, to repair all this mischief?"

"First," replied Ernest, "we will restore to him this tormenting Fra Diavolo."

"Well said," added the Count, "and with my permission, no monkey shall ever enter this house again."

"And then——" said the Countess, bestowing an encouraging look on her son.

"And then," resumed Ernest, timidly looking towards the Count, "to make amends for the misery I have caused, by urging him to sell his Chinese prince when he hardly knew what he was doing, I wish I could—give—him——"

"—the hundred francs stolen from him?" asked the Count.

"Yes, papa."

"Well, well, my son," said the Countess kindly, "we will do so in your name."

Scarcely had Madame Beaulieu uttered these words, than Ernest rushed to the door, and called William. On learning that Jacquot would be restored to him, and that his noble friends would also give him another hundred francs, the Auvergnese was speechless; he seemed paralysed with joy, surprise, and gratitude; but when Jacquot jumped on his shoulder, and loaded him with caresses, he fell weeping at the feet of the Count and Countess.

"Stand up, William," said the Count, kindly taking his hand, "pursue your former occupation, but always remember :—

" THAT THE LOVE OF MONEY IS AS PERNICIOUS AS
THE LOVE OF WINE."

Good King René.

PROVENCE is truly styled the "Garden of France," and four centuries since, this lovely country, as well as the dukedom of Anjou and the kingdom of Sicily, were under the government of René, a king equally celebrated for his virtues and misfortunes. History tells us that the blessings and happiness he shed on Provence, where he loved to reside, gained for him the soubriquet of "Good King René," and under that name, he is still dear to the hearts of the Provençals, who, before their cottage fire, on a winter's night, even yet delight in relating, to the passing stranger, histories of their good old monarch.

René was kind and indulgent, always accessible to his subjects whom he regarded as loved children; he listened to every complaint, and sought into every grievance. Like some patriarch of old, he would

frequently sit under the shade of an oak, dispensing justice to his subjects. He loved to visit in disguise the cottages of the poor, and gain minute information as to the business and wants of the inhabitants, and rarely did he leave them without some souvenir of his visit; to some he gave good advice, to others money, according to their need.

His habits were so unostentatious and simple, that, during the winter season, he was frequently seen walking alone, in places that were sheltered from the wind and exposed to the sun, thus in every village in Provence, these sheltered roads are still called "Good King René's walks."

But the most virtuous are not always the most prosperous in this world, and René was an afflicted father, and unfortunate king. He was twice called to the throne, and twice compelled to abdicate. Providence bestowed on him nine children, but they almost all died in early childhood.

Towards the close of summer, in the year 1476, René was spending some days in his Bastide* de l'Arc, situated not far from the city of Aix. One evening, enveloped in a large brown cloak, and his features shaded by a velvet cap, pulled closely over his brow, René, in quest of some adventure, passed out of his garden, through a small postern door, opening into the high road. The moon, just risen, threw her silvery light on the lovely landscape; a

* Country houses in Provence are thus termed.

soft and gentle sea-breeze cooled the atmosphere, and wafted to the ears of the king, the notes of a melancholy air, which a young peasant was playing on his flute. The calm quietude and beauty of the scene filled the heart of René with deep emotion, and brought to his mind many mournful remembrances; he thought of his son Johan d'Anjou, dying in the midst of his triumphs at Barcelona, of his lovely daughter Yolande, and of his other children so early snatched from his love.

The good king wandered on thus for about an hour, when he was recalled to recollection, by seeing a light glimmering through a cottage window, at the entrance of a small village he had never before visited. René approached the house, and through the broken shutters, he saw a woman seated on a low stool, spinning; at her feet were playing two children, on whom from time to time, she cast looks of tender and sad affection.

For some moments, the king silently regarded the simple scene; then advancing to the door, he knocked gently. It was immediately opened, and René entered a small room, the scanty furniture of which though very old and broken, was so clean as to shed even an appearance of comfort on the humble dwelling. It is only dirt and untidiness that renders poverty disgusting and repulsive.

"I have lost my way," said the king to the woman, who hastened to offer him a seat, "and I am

greatly fatigued. Will you allow me to rest in your house for a short time?"

"Willingly, Sir," replied the woman, who guessed by the voice and manners of her visitor, that he was a person of some importance, "if you will condescend to pass the night here, I can make you a good bed of fresh straw. As to supper, I can only give you some brown bread and some dried figs; but to these you are heartily welcome."

These kind and simple offers affected the old king, he saw that she did not recognise him, and continued,—

"My good woman, you do not appear happy, and your black gown tells me you have recently lost some one dear to you. Was it your husband?"

"Alas! sir, it was; I have been a widow six sad months. My husband died after a long and severe illness, leaving me and these two children in the greatest poverty."

"Poor woman! Have you not any relatives or friends?"

"I had relatives, but God called them to himself; I had what the world terms friends, but they forgot me when I became unfortunate. I have nothing to depend on but my own exertions, and the goodness of Almighty God. They say that our good king René is coming to Arc; when he comes I shall try to see him, and beg for the sake of his daughter Queen Margaret, in whose service I lived many years, some bread and a shelter for my poor children.

We have notice to leave this cottage, and I know not where to go."

"What! Have you been in the service of Queen Margaret?" said René, with a vivacity that might have betrayed him. "Where? Under what circumstances? Tell me all—I am a noble in the king's household, he is coming to the Bastide, I will speak to him about you, and you may feel quite sure that he will assist you."

"Oh! your lordship is indeed good to take such an interest in a poor widow. You shall hear my sad history, it is not very long.

"In 1445, the princess Margaret was married to Henry the Sixth of England. Many were the tears shed on her departure from France, there seemed to be throughout Provence, a general presentiment of her grief and troubles.

"I was very young at the time, but it happened that I was selected as one of the personal attendants of the new Queen of England, and I accompanied her thither.

"You know how soon the English nobles rebelled against the crown, and the Queen, with that energy of which her husband was so destitute, put herself at the head of her troops, and displayed an heroic courage and perseverance. Unfortunately, she was defeated at the battle of Hexham in 1463, her army was dispersed, and she was obliged to seek safety in disguise and flight. One by one, her servants forsook her, and I alone remained; I was the sole

attendant of my queen and my prince ! I could not leave her, I resolved to share her dangers and privations—she was the daughter of our good King René, she had been brought up under the sunny skies of Provence: sometimes she would speak of our beautiful country, and then we wept together; but, Oh! Sir, what bitter tears she shed over her beautiful boy the Prince of Wales. He was then ten years old; and so handsome, so noble and affectionate!”

Tears, which she had hitherto restrained, now choked the utterance of the poor widow, and she clasped her children convulsively to her breast. The face of her royal visitor was hidden in his hands, and he was weeping such tears as parents alone can shed, when they hear of the sufferings of their children. The poor woman perceived it.

“What! Sir, do you weep also? Oh! you are a father: are you not? and you can understand a mother’s grief.”

“Continue,” said René, controlling his emotion.

“Oh! where was I? When I think of this time, do you see, and I often think of it, I cannot restrain my tears; my ideas get bewildered. Oh! I remember. I was telling you that we were wandering disguised and miserable, through various counties of England. One day in order to escape the pursuit of some soldiers, we took refuge in a wood, and were seized by a band of robbers. Without pity for the tears of the Queen, they deprived her of the jewels

which she had concealed about her person, and whilst they were disputing about the division of the spoil we escaped.

“Very soon after we met another robber, less savage in appearance than the others; the Queen walked boldly up to him, and said;—“My friend, save the son of your king.’ At these words, spoken with the dignity Margaret could so well assume, the man bowed respectfully, and taking the young prince on his shoulders, he conducted us through bye-roads to the sea-side, and assisted us to embark for France. I accompanied the Queen and her son to Bruges, and there, with her permission, I left her; for I longed to revisit my dear Provence, my relatives, and friends.

“Soon after I married Pierre, the farmer; but at the commencement of this year, some wounds which he had received, whilst serving under King René, in Italy, and which had not properly healed, broke out again, and after suffering greatly, he died.”

A deep silence broken only by the tears of the poor widow succeeded, at length René said in a low voice :

“Tell me your name, if you please, Madam?”

“Thiéphaine, Sir.”

“Well! Thiéphaine,” said the king, “bring your children, to-morrow, to the Bastide de l’Arc. You must enquire for the seneschal Jean de Cossa; and he will tell you what you are to do.”

At these words, Thiéphaine guessed the truth;

she arose to throw herself at the king's feet ; but he had gone.

The next day, clothed in her best, but neat and humble dress, and leading her two children by the hand, Thiéphaine was introduced by lord Jean de Cossa, the confidential friend of the king, into a room very simply furnished. René was seated on a large box, enjoying his favourite recreation ; he was painting a picture for a prayer-book. As soon as she perceived him, she threw herself at his feet, begging pardon for the manner in which she had received him the night before, in her cottage ; but the king kindly raised her, saying :

“ Arise, Madam ; it is not thus that she who has given my daughter such noble proofs of affection and devotion, should present herself. Queen Margaret always remembered and caused every enquiry to be made for you, but all her attempts to find you were vain ; you had changed your name. I thank God, for having directed my steps yesterday to your dwelling, and for having given me an opportunity of rewarding your good and loyal services. Listen to me : I give to you and your children, this Bastide and all the land belonging to it ; but on the condition that, as soon as the proper season arrives, you plant in your fields large plantations of mulberry trees and employ yourselves in rearing silk-worms. This delightful occupation is unknown here,* but I

* Two Persian monks having observed in China the labours of the

will send you a confidential person who will direct you, and you may soon realize a handsome fortune."

Thiéphaine thanked the king for his generosity, with all the grateful sincerity of a pure and devoted heart, and René always considered this day as one of the happiest in his life, since he had found an opportunity of making an unfortunate family happy, and of establishing a trade which became afterwards one of the principal causes of his country's prosperity.

Four years after the incident we have related, on the 10th of July, 1480, good king René died. No monarch was ever so lamented by his subjects.

silkworms, studied their habits and natural history, and then travelled to Constantinople, to explain to the Emperor Justinian, the origin of silk and the different ways of preparing and manufacturing it. Encouraged by his liberality, the monks then travelled towards the West. They propagated a great number in different parts of Greece, especially in the Peloponnessus. In 1180, the Sicilians began to rear silkworms, and almost all the Italian states followed their example. The art of manufacturing silk spread by degrees from Italy to Spain, and from thence to the southern provinces of France, Languedoc, Provence, and Avignon.—In 1471, Louis the Eleventh established a silk manufactory at Tours, but the workmen were procured from Genoa, Venice, and Florence:

The Optimist ;

OR,

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

Who has not heard of the Caliph Aroun al Raschid? the great and good sovereign of Bagdad, the friend of the noble emperor Charlemagne, to whom he sent many presents. Who has not read of some among the many good things he did, and how he was esteemed the wisest man of his time? The Orientals make him the hero of a thousand tales. I am going to tell you one, chosen from the many.

He was in the habit of frequently walking through the city at night, alone and in disguise, that he might be able to judge for himself as to the manners and wants of his people, and see all that was going on.

One evening when he was taking his usual stroll through the streets of Bagdad, he perceived a thick smoke, rising from a neighbourhood not far distant,

Feeling sure it was a fire, he ran hastily to the place, and saw part of a large house in flames.

A crowd of Arabs had assembled on the spot; some were working, others pillaging, the greater number were contenting themselves with watching the progress of the flames, when suddenly an Arab issued from this theatre of desolation, pushed through the crowd, and folding his arms, stood directly opposite the burning house, watching it with astonishing tranquillity. He happened to place himself by the side of the Caliph, who had just arrived there, and whom he did not know.

“Who is the owner of this house?” asked the Caliph.

“I am,” coolly replied the Arab.

“And you stand so calm and unmoved whilst your house is burning?”

“Good!” replied the man, “I have worked as much and more than all the others; I have destroyed all communication with other buildings, so that the fire will not spread, and now I can look on at my ease.”

“It is a very great misfortune for you.”

“Not so great a misfortune as you suppose.”

“What! is it not a great misfortune to see half of your house burnt?”

“Yes;—but is it not fortunate to be able to preserve the other half?”

The Caliph, surprised at such strange answers, resolved to question more at his leisure, a man who

appeared so eccentric ; he made several other observations, to which the Arab replied in the same odd way ; and the Caliph then left him to continue his nocturnal visits.

The next day, Al Raschid remembered the adventure of the previous evening, and having a great desire to see the Arab, he ordered one of his slaves to seek the owner of the burnt house. The Arab was greatly surprised to receive this order, but hastened to obey, and fearlessly followed the slave into the presence of the Caliph. After the usual genuflexions, he waited in respectful silence, until the Prince of the Faithful condescended to speak.

“Approach,” said Aroun, “do you know me?”

“Vicar of the Prophet,* I acknowledge you as the sovereign arbiter of my life.”

“Do you know that I spoke to you yesterday?”

The Arab bowed respectfully, and the Caliph continued :—

“I sent for you, that I might hear the history of your life, and to what events you owe that singularity of character displayed in your answer last night.”

“Mighty Monarch ! you have but to command, I obey. My name is Aboul Abas, and I was born in this city. My parents were fortunate in trade, and at their death, left me a moderate independence. I ought to have been contented with my fortune, but

* The title of Caliph signifies Vicar.

the desire for riches, in which I placed all my happiness, determined me to continue my father's business. I had a brother who was even more ambitious and avaricious than myself, we thought of nothing, but how to increase our wealth ; we placed all our merchandize in four vessels, and most anxiously awaited their return. Some time after, we learnt that the largest of our vessels was shipwrecked, and that another had been seized by pirates. This news almost threw us into despair ; my brother, more impatient than myself, was so wicked as to murmur against Providence ; it seemed evident we should be ruined ; the two remaining vessels might experience the same fate as the others—their cargo was the least valuable, but with their destruction, would vanish all our property and splendid dreams of fortune !

“ We remained some time absorbed in grief and anxiety, and one evening, when we were complaining of our ill fortune, I allowed these words to escape my lips :—‘ O Allah ! what have I done that thou should'st treat me thus ? Was it a crime to endeavour to increase my fortune ? Alas ! I shall never be happy !—’ ‘ You will be, you are,’ uttered a voice loud as thunder, and turning, we beheld the immortal Barouk, Genius of happiness. I prostrated myself at his feet, and humbly besought him to grant me an explanation of his words. ‘ Weak mortals !’ said he, ‘ were you not fortunate in losing two vessels only, when you might have lost four ?

‘Powerful Genius!’ replied I, ‘it would have been more fortunate, not to have lost any.’ ‘Yes; but since you were so foolish as to be dissatisfied with the property you had, and risked all to gain more, you ought to be thankful instead of complaining, since notwithstanding your imprudence, you have yet half your wealth remaining.’

“These words were a salutary balm to my wounded spirit, I waited until the Genius resumed :—

“‘You wish to be fortunate and happy! but perfect happiness is not bestowed on imperfect beings; no, learn that the happiest man is he who is contented with what he possesses; it is the conviction of happiness that forms a great part of it: let that satisfy you. I will only add this prediction :—You shall be happy when you are unfortunate.’

“The Genius disappeared. ‘What!’ said my brother, bursting into a loud laugh, ‘are you weak enough to believe such an oracle? What could the wise genius mean by these words; You shall be happy when you are unfortunate? Bah!’ ‘Impious fool!’ said the same voice, ‘as a punishment for your incredulity, you shall experience a contrary fate, and be the most unhappy, when you are fortunate.’ My brother again insulted the celestial power by his guilty railleries, but the words of the Genius dissipated the anxieties of my mind as the bright mid-day sun disperses the thick clouds which hide his rays. I no longer thought of my lost vessels, but to thank heaven for the consoling visit.

this loss had procured me, and gratitude for this favour determined me to offer my thanks at the Tomb of the Prophet.

“ My brother also wished to undertake the journey, but for the sole purpose of distracting his anxious thoughts. We set out, but my brother had scarcely gone half-a-day’s journey, when he began to suffer an intolerable thirst. The nearest caravansary* was far distant, and we did not see the least sign of water near us ; my brother murmured :—‘ Oh !’ said he, ‘ I would give all I possess, if I could but quench my thirst ! I should be the happiest of men.’ He had scarcely uttered these words, when we saw a tiny stream of pure water trickling down the trunk of a neighbouring tree ; my brother drank of it with avidity, but scarcely had he satisfied his burning thirst, than he declared, he felt a ravenous hunger a thousand times more intolerable to endure than the thirst he had assuaged. There was no food near, and I felt the truth of the Genius’ prediction. We continued our way until evening, when having found a caravansary, my brother was enabled to satisfy his appetite, but he had no sooner completed his meal, than he began to complain bitterly of fatigue ; it was his destiny never to be contented, but always desiring something.

* The name of the wretched little inns, or resting-places, in Turkey.—Some are inhabited, in certain parts of the country, but at the time of which we write, travellers rarely found anything, but a mere roof to shelter them.

“On leaving the inn next day, a small portion of the roof fell upon me, and bruised my shoulder, I had but just time to retreat a few steps when down fell the whole chimney on the place I had quitted. I exclaimed ‘How fortunate I am!—’ ‘What!’ said my brother, ‘is it fortunate to get a tile on one’s head?’ ‘Not exactly, but I was fortunate in having time to escape being crushed by the chimney.’ ‘It would have been better to have escaped both.’ ‘It would have been more unfortunate to have suffered from both.’ My brother laughed heartily, at what he termed my simplicity, and we resumed our journey.

After walking about an hour, he began to complain of the cold, which was in truth severe enough. A vizier* passed in his handsome carriage lined with ermine, and he himself wrapped in the softest furs. ‘Oh!’ exclaimed my brother, ‘you must own that it is very comfortable to travel thus, sheltered from cold, fatigue, and all the other disagreeables to which we are exposed.” This time I thought my brother was right, and for a moment, I also envied the fate of the vizier—when, turning my head on the other side, I saw a poor man half-naked, almost dead with cold, and scarcely able to place one foot before the other. I pointed him out to my brother. “You must own also,” said I, ‘that we are more comfortable in our warm clothing than this poor man in his rags. There is a greater difference between him and

* The ministers of the Ottoman Empire are called viziers.

us, than between ourselves and the vizier; the latter has superfluities, we have necessities, but this poor man has neither one nor the other.' I thought these words somewhat impressed my brother, and I was glad of it; but, alas! I soon found my hopes deceived.

"At some little distance from Medina, we saw three purses lying on the sand, we picked them up, and found, to our great surprise, that two were filled with gold pieces, and diamonds of the first water; the third contained only copper coins. I was delighted at this unexpected fortune, but my brother dissatisfied as usual, bitterly complained of the worthlessness of the third purse. 'Alas!' said he, 'I am more grieved to see it so poor, than rejoiced to find the other two so well filled!'

"You may imagine, Mighty Emperor," continued Aboul Abas, "my astonishment at such strange cupidity; but I was still more surprised, when I heard my brother hint that I had no right to share in this fortune. I blushed to find him actuated by such sad selfishness, and reproached him for his unkindness. Unable to control his anger, he threw the three purses at my feet, saying, 'Take all; if I cannot have the whole of the money, I will not have any.' Was not the prediction verified? The happiness my brother might have enjoyed became his misery, owing to his insatiable cupidity. I pitied his folly, and begged that no disunion might arise from so unworthy a cause,—I assured him that I

valued his friendship far more than the purses—and entreated him to keep the whole. He did not require much persuasion, and concealing the diamonds in his clothes, he employed the gold in the purchase of merchandize, which he shipped in four large vessels for Grand Cairo.* He then bid me farewell, and, embarking in one of the vessels, set sail for this noted fair.

“After our separation I continued my journey, and arrived safely at Medina, where I fulfilled the vow which had led me thither; and, after remaining there some time, I returned to Bagdad. I experienced great fatigue and many difficulties on my way, indeed my courage would have failed, had I not always consoled and encouraged myself by reflecting that my sufferings might have been greater.

“On my arrival at Bagdad, I found that the two vessels, remaining to us on our departure, had returned; the profits of the voyage were greater than I expected and realized for me a considerable sum. I purchased the house which was burnt yesterday, and contented with my lot, I determined to pass my life in this city.

“Some years after, I received tidings of my brother's death. He had amassed a splendid fortune, but having experienced a trifling loss, his dissatisfied mind, so dwelt upon and exaggerated the slight misfortune, that he died of a broken heart. His

* The capital of Egypt; celebrated for its trade.

death cost me many tears, and it was with grief I received the fruit of his hard labours, which but for his folly, he might have enjoyed for many years.

“The only thing wanting to complete my happiness was an amiable companion, with whom I could share my wealth. I made choice of a young Arab girl called Gulnara. Her parents promised me her hand, although I knew that she had been betrothed a short time before to a young man of the city. This however gave me no alarm, her father assured me that this engagement was entirely at an end ; in short, all was arranged for our marriage ; the evening before the appointed day, I sent handsome presents to my beautiful Gulnara, imagine my consternation, when I heard that she had eloped with her first lover, and no one could discover their retreat. In despair at tidings which so completely destroyed all my dreams of happiness, I run hither and thither like a madman, a prey to the most violent agitation.

“I had climbed a high rock, intending by one desperate leap to end my griefs, when I felt a powerful grasp withdrawing me from the precipice, I turned and saw a holy fakir,* whose hermitage was built on the rock, ‘What is the matter?’ said he, ‘What misfortune can have happened to you, so great as to induce the criminal desire of suicide?’ ‘Oh ! leave me,’ I answered, ‘I cannot support the

* A Mussulman anchorite or monk.

weight of my affliction.' 'Confide in me, perhaps I can console you.' 'Holy fakir, there cannot exist a being so unhappy as myself! I had chosen a charming woman, her parents promised me her hand, and the day before our marriage, some wretch carried her off!' 'Oh! Oh!' said the fakir smiling, 'instead of complaining you ought to be grateful, that you have discovered her character before you were united for ever.'

These words restored my peace of mind, I wondered how I could have thought myself so unhappy, when one day I might have been much worse, if preserving her affection for another, she had forsaken me after marriage. I kissed the hem of the venerable old man's garment, and left him, fully convinced of this truth: That we should never afflict ourselves, or murmur at any disappointment, however grievous it may appear at the time; a kind Providence knows what is best for us, and orders events accordingly.'

"Since that time, Gracious Sovereign, I have led the happiest life in the world; I have sought to share my happiness and wealth with others. I benefit others as much as I can, and always remember the words of Barouck: You shall be happy when you are unfortunate. I experienced the truth of the prediction in my last adventure, for we may esteem ourselves truly fortunate when we are preserved from a great misfortune, by a trifling one.

“All these considerations, my lord, have armed me against adversity, and accustomed me to regard every event on its bright side. The scene of this world appears, in my eyes, like a smiling picture, where everything is represented under a pleasing agreeable form. I am anxious to diminish evil, by opposing to it good ; I seek and find happiness where many would see only cause for discontent.”

Aboul Abas thus finished his history ; the Caliph praised his wisdom, and offered him the office of grand-vizir ; but the Arab declined it, saying ;—

“Commander of the Faithful ! I have ever sought happiness, I have found it, and will keep it ; to accept your brilliant offers would be to lose it. A man is never happy, if he becomes, by sudden elevation, an object of envy to others. To live in peace, we must lead a retired life. If heaven had judged my life useful to my fellow citizens, I should have been, 'ere this, placed in the way of employment. The lengthened period of my obscurity proves to me that Allah does not wish me to leave it, and I think it would be disobeying his decrees, were I to accept the eminent post your bounty offers me.”

Aaron al Raschid, delighted with such rare and disinterested modesty, embraced the Arab, and dismissed him, saying that he had never met a man

more richly meriting the name of philosopher. This name, which signifies "friend of wisdom," is often usurped by, and lavished on, men very unworthy to bear it. The Caliph always maintained a friendly intimacy with Aboul Abas, who never varied from his rule of self-government.

The Two Friends,

A TALE OF THE NEAPOLITAN REVOLUTION.

“SIGNOR ! la carita ! la carita !”*

These words were uttered by a poor woman, who was crouching down at the corner of one of the small streets leading to the Toledo,† in Naples. It was a very cold September evening, night was fast approaching, and a piercing wind had succeeded to the suffocating heat of the day. The poor woman adjusted with one hand the miserable linen petticoat which scarcely covered her limbs ; the other, trembling with cold and shame, she extended to the passers-by, incessantly repeating in the same plaintive voice :—

* Sir ! charity ! charity !

† The Toledo is to the Neapolitans, what the Corso is to the Romans ; the Boulevards to the Parisians ; or Regent-street to the Londoners.

“Signor, la carita!”

The evening passed away, but not one *piccolo** had been given in answer to her entreaties. Occasionally, finding the voice of humanity silent in the hearts of the passers-by, she appealed to their vanity, addressing them as “*Excellenza, qualche cosa!*”† but all her petitions were unsuccessful.

Alas! in this time of disorder and anarchy, (for it was the Eve of the Revolution, in the year 1647), who cared for a poor beggar woman! A thousand other thoughts filled the heads of the Neapolitans. The Duke of Arcos seemed bent on rendering intolerable the Spanish Government, under the yoke of which Naples had groaned for more than a century. A worthy successor of the Henriquez and Monterez, he thought of nothing but retaining his vice-royalty by satisfying Spanish cupidity. He had exhausted all the available resources of Naples by forced contributions, and his rapacity still unsatisfied he laid a heavy tax on fruit and vegetables.

This tax, as may be supposed, caused great excitement in Naples; the people had silently endured the heavy yoke of their tyrants for more than a century and a half; but it is the last drop that overflows the cup, and their long restrained murmurs broke forth when the viceroy thus laid what they deemed sacrilegious hands on the food of the poor.

Thus, on the evening of which we are writing,

* A copper coin of small value. † Your Excellency! Something.

instead of calmly seating themselves to enjoy their accustomed glass of Gelata,† or sauntering along the Toledo, the Neapolitans were hurrying hither and thither with excited and eager steps. The theatre was deserted and the ballad-singers found but few listeners. Groups of people were seen at the corners of streets. The humble lazzaroni and wealthy merchant seemed to have but one common interest and subject of conversation, sufficiently evidenced by the vivacity and animation of their voice and gestures.

After a short time, the various groups united in one dense and compact body around the steps of the theatre San Carlo. The appearance of the orator, who was there beginning to address the multitude, was at first repulsive. Of the roughest exterior and almost gigantic stature, his long black hair and beard and bushy eye-brows gave his countenance an expression of savage ferocity. But as he spoke, and grew excited with his subject, waving aloft his brawny arms, his sparkling eyes, dilating nostrils, and expanding chest formed a striking picture of wild eloquence. So thought his hearers; for their hearts responded to his sentiments, as forgetting the *far-niente* so dear to the Italian people, they often drowned his powerful voice in their loud and vehement applause. Need we say this man was the renowned MASSANIELLO!

† Iced fruits.

Whilst the crowd were thus occupied on the Toledo, a country-woman driving an ass loaded with a large sack of corn, turned the corner of the street where the beggar-woman was sitting. The latter, hearing the sound of approaching footsteps, held out her hand, and, without looking up, uttered her usual cry "*la carita.*" The country-woman stopped: at the sight of so much misery a tear rolled down her cheek, she put her hand into her pocket, and searching every corner, she at length found and dropped a carlino into the hand of the beggar. At the sight of a silver coin, when she had been all day vainly soliciting a copper one, the poor woman uttered a cry of joy, and, in a transport of gratitude, threw herself at the feet of her benefactress, kissing her hand. The latter bent her head, at the moment the mendicant was rising. An exclamation of surprise escaped the lips of both women.

"Merciful goodness!" cried the beggar, "it is my good Fenella!"

"Is it possible? Can this be Catarina?"

And the two women affectionately embraced each other.

"Excuse my surprise," replied Fenella, "but when we parted six years since, I little expected we should meet again at the corner of the Toledo."

"Alas! many things occur in six years."

"You are not happy, I see."

"You say truly, Fenella,—I am not happy, I have been very unfortunate. In these unsettled

times, I cannot procure any work that will enable me to earn my bread.—From morning till evening I vainly implore help from heaven—I am almost in despair.”

“God is good,” replied Fenella.

“Yes—he is good, but only to the wicked.

“You are uttering blasphemy, Catarina, for God is just; and if his justice appears at times to slumber, the day will come when it will be aroused, and on that day, our God will ‘recompense every one according to his works.’”

Their conversation was interrupted by a dreadful clamour proceeding from the Toledo.

With feminine curiosity, the two women rushed forward to see what was going on. They had scarcely turned the corner of the street, when they perceived in the distance, a noble, slowly advancing on a splendidly caparisoned charger. He was surrounded by an escort of halberdiers who, to gain a free passage for their lord, kept striking the ground with the wood of their lances, and occasionally, either through accident or design, the toes of some unfortunate spectator, who in his curiosity approached the cavalcade too closely.

On arriving at the theatre San Carlo, the cortège was received with loud yells of hatred and defiance from the mob, who surrounded the soldiers like the roaring waves of a stormy sea. It was impossible to advance. The noble turned pale and trembled, as

he looked on the threatening countenances of the angry multitude. The halberdiers formed a square around their master, presenting their lances to the breasts of the assailants, the foremost of whom would have retraced their steps, but for the pressure of the crowd, who ignorant or careless of the danger, pushed forward, regardless of the shrieks of the wounded.

Masaniello waved a crimson scarf, and, at this signal, the crowd rushed forwards with overwhelming force, overturned and trampled on the halberdiers, who hacking and hewing on every side, had vainly sought to escape.

A stone thrown by a beggar, and aimed at the knight, struck his horse's head, and both fell.

Fenella and Catarina, terrified at the tumult, had prudently returned to the shelter of the little street where they had met. They had not been there many minutes, when they saw a man running towards them, whom, in spite of his ghastly countenance and disordered appearances, they at once recognized as the nobleman of the Toledo.

"My good woman," said the stranger, "in the name of Jesus Christ, our divine Redeemer, save me, or I am lost!"

"But, Sir,—"

"We have not a moment to lose. Under favour of the dark night, I have escaped the mob; but if they

should discover me, nothing can protect me from their fury."

"Sir, what can we do for you?"

"Save me, I tell you. This ass is yours, is it not?"

"It is mine," said Fenella.

"What does it carry on its back?"

"Some corn I am taking to my master, the miller at Bercina."*

"Thank God!" exclaimed the stranger, and without paying any attention to Fenella's astonished remonstrances, he drew his dagger and cutting the string of the sack, opened it, and turned out half of the corn.

"What are you doing?" cried Fenella, "This corn is not mine."

"Not a word, my good woman; fear nothing: I will pay you for every grain its weight in gold."

Whilst speaking, the stranger slipped into the sack, and buried himself in the middle of the corn which remained.

"Now, my good women," said he, "you must look after the rest; fasten the sack, put it on your ass, and get me out of the city in the best way you can; you shall have no reason to complain of my ingratitude."

Catarina and Fenella obeyed almost mechanically.

* The name of a village near Vesuvius.

With some difficulty, they got the sack on the ass, and then directed their steps towards the Madeleine bridge, on the road to Vesuvius. It was time; the mob, furious at the escape of their intended victim, searched every corner of the Toledo. If they had entered the little street, before which they had passed twenty times, all must have been lost.

The two women, terrified at the distant cries of rage, and the glare of the resin torches, hastened towards the bridge, hoping to cross without notice, but they were stopped by a guard, already stationed there by the people.

"Where are you coming from?" asked he.

"From the city," replied Fenella.

"And where are you going?"

"To the mill at Bercina, with this sack of corn."

"Is it really corn you have in the sack? I doubt it."

"You had better try," said Fenella, "if you don't believe what I say."

The man tried the sack in various places with the point of his sword, not perceiving that it was stained with blood.

"It is all right, you may go on, good women. I am sorry for having detained you so long, but we distrust every one. I have orders to search every one, lest he whom we want should escape—and a sack of corn at this hour of the night, appeared to me very strange. Good night, good women."

After they had got some little distance from the city, Fenella and Catarina untied the sack, and freed the stranger, whose clothes were stained with blood but his wounds were slight, and he had fainted, not so much from them as for want of air. They bathed his brow with water from the Sebetz,* and the cool night breeze soon restored him to consciousness. Turning to the two women, who were urging him to seek shelter at the mill :

“Thank you, my good friends, thank you,” said he, pressing with his white and delicate fingers the rough hands of the country women ; “I shall know better how to return into the city, than I knew how to get out of it. We shall meet again, my saviours and angels.

“Meanwhile, take this,” said he, placing in their hands a heavy purse of ducats ; “and if ever you want anything, apply at the Castle of Saint Elmo ; you will always be attended to. Your names ?”

“Catarina and Fenella.”

“I shall never forget them ! We shall meet again ! Remember the Castle of Saint Elmo.”†

“The Castle of Saint Elmo ! Are you then—?” exclaimed Fenella.

“The Viceroy of Naples, the Duke of Arcos,” said the stranger, as he turned hastily away.

* A small stream running at the foot of Vesuvius.

† A castle fortified by Louis XII., after the conquest of Naples.

The two friends seated themselves on the ground to count the contents of the Duke's purse. There were five hundred ducats; a fortune which they equally divided.

"Now," said Fenella, as she gave Catarina her share, "was I not right in telling you never to despair, but always to trust in the mercies of God."

Canoba's Cake.

Not far from the noble palace of the Falieri, at Possagno, in the states of Venice, stood the humble cottage of old Pasino the mason. One night, when wearied with his day's work, Pasino had thrown himself on his straw bed, and was sleeping as only a labouring man can sleep, he was aroused by a loud knocking at his door; he opened it, and, although the night was very dark, he distinguished the figure of a little boy.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" asked Pasino, in the ill-tempered tone of a man, suddenly aroused from sleep.

"Antonio," replied a timid voice.

"What Antonio?"

"Your grandson, grandpapa."

"You! and what has happened that you are here?" said the mason suddenly changing his tone,

and taking the child's hand he drew him forward, gazing intently at his little face, as if he could read even in the dark, the cause of this nocturnal visit.

"Speak! Why have you left your mother? Is she ill? Have you displeased her? Has she sent you away?"

"No, grandpapa, I left her and came away."

"Left her! and why pray?" replied the old man searching for his tinder box, "Left her! Santa Madonna! Why have you left your mother?"

And having succeeded in lighting his lamp, Pasino placed it in front of the child. The boy was weeping, and had a bundle 'suspended from a stick,' on his shoulder.

"I could not stay at home any longer," said he, throwing his bundle on the ground; "I was no longer master there; another commanded. Oh, that nasty ugly Venetian! If I was only ten years older, I would have killed him; yes, indeed I would, grandpapa. Oh! why am I only eleven years old?"

"What a silly little fellow!" said the grandfather, smiling at the childish anger of Antonio, "Why do you wish to be master at home?"

"When my father died I was his only child; therefore I ought to be the head of the house."

"A grand house, truly!" said the old man now thoroughly awake; four stakes driven in the ground, a little mud, and some straw! If you had a palace like the Falieri, it would be worth talking about."

"The Falieri, the Falieri," said the boy, shaking his long brown curls ; I don't want to be one of the rich Falieri, and have no heart."

"Would you like some supper, Antonio?"

"No, I am not hungry."

"But you have walked the whole way from your house?"

"A long way, grandpapa! not quite three miles."

"Well! Tell me why you have left your home."

"You know, grandpapa, mamma has married that ugly Presillo,—well, I felt very angry, and sorry to find that she was no longer called Madame Canova; Madame Canova! that was such a pretty name, was it not, grandpapa?"

"Yes, go on with your tale."

"And then, you know, it is my own name—mine—and it is disgraceful, I think, for a son to bear one name, and his mother another,—and then——"

"And then——Have you any more wise reasons, Antonio, for I am sleepy, and want to go to bed," interrupted Pasino.

"And besides, as soon as Monsieur Presillo set foot in the house, everything was changed. No one attended to me; I had no longer the best piece at dinner, the nicest garlic, the largest onion, or the finest olives. These were all for Monsieur Presillo. Then when I was vexed, they let me cry; when I sulked, no one cared. It was very tiresome to sulk without any one coming to say, 'What is the matter, my little Antonio? Come to your dinner, or your

supper.' But no, not one word of this sort, ' You don't want any dinner? then go without; will you not have any supper? just as you like.' I could not bear this, so I said to myself: I have a grandpapa who lives alone, who loves children, and allows me to do as I please when I go to his house; so I will go; there at the least I shall be master! Are you asleep, grandpapa, or listening to me?"

"I hear you, but lie down on this bag of fresh straw and go to sleep; as you are so very anxious to be master, I will one day make you a master mason."

"Oh! a mason," said the child, pouting, "that is not very delightful."

"You will see what a pleasant occupation ours is."

"Pleasant, indeed! always piling stones one upon another, and nothing but stones!"

"You would perhaps like to work in marble?"

"Well, that would be more honourable and agreeable than working in stone."

"Sleep, little grumbler, and let me rest."

The next morning Pasino aroused Antonio; after having said their prayers and made a slight repast, they took their way to the Falieri palace, where the mason had been some time employed in building a wall.

Pasino had great difficulty in keeping his grandson in order, and was continually obliged to repeat his instructions: Antonio, make this mortar; bring hither that lime; square this stone; smooth that;—

as soon as his back was turned, Antonio made a Punch with the mortar, a Venus out of the stones, and only used the paternal trowel to knead mud into all kinds of figures.

As he was weak and delicate, and as grandpapas almost always spoil their grand-children, when Pasino pretended displeasure, Antonio replied :

“ But you see, papa, how tired I am.”

“ What are you making there ?”

“ A Virgin Mary, and the child Jesus.”

And his grandpapa who often perceived nothing but a lump of clumsily-shaped mud, would descant on the beauty of the Virgin, on the gentleness of the Infant Jesus, and promised that one day his grandson should be a famous mason, and build palaces even for the Falieri.

One day, the Duke of Faliero gave orders for a splendid banquet. If you could have seen, gentle reader, the number of stew-pans, bubbling and hissing on the various fires, the spits bending under the weight of pheasants, turkeys, ducks, and chickens ; if you could have looked at the preserves, the cakes, the delicious fruits, I think your mouth would have watered like that of little Antonio, who had clambered over the wall and was gliding about amongst the cooks, looking at this, smelling that, and so delighted with all, that it was almost as great a pleasure to see his happy face, as to taste the good things.

At the moment of serving dinner, the whole kit-

chen was thrown into consternation. Pietro, the head-cook, was seen to inflict a blow on his chest, violent enough to double him up, as if he had an attack of colic, exclaiming in piercing accents :

“I am a ruined man, dishonoured for ever ! By St. Pietro, I had better hang myself and die ! Unhappy man ! thrice unhappy Pietro ! What will become of thee ? What will be thought of thee, stupid animal, ten times more stupid than the dogs, thy honour is lost, and with it that of the illustrious family of the Falieri.

The Duke of Faliero, happening to pass at this moment, heard the last sentence, and immediately entered the kitchen to enquire what danger was threatening his honour.

Pietro had thrown himself on a chair, and was swallowing a glass of brandy which one of his turnspits, cotton cap in hand, was respectfully holding to the lips of his chief.

“What is the matter ?” asked the Duke standing before the cook.

“Beat me, Monsignor, kill me,” exclaimed the latter, hastily swallowing the remainder of his brandy ; but either owing to precipitation, or trouble, or some other cause, the last mouthful produced such an inextinguishable fit of coughing, that he was unable to finish the sentence.

The Duke cast an enquiring glance on all

around, especially on little Antonio Canova, as if to ask of him the cause of this violent fit of despair.

But no one could reply, entirely ignorant as they were of the cause of Pietro's incoherent words.

When the latter's cough was a little less violent, the Duke said :

"Now Pietro, you will perhaps explain why my honour is compromised with yours?"

"Because my dinner—which is a dinner fit for the Doge of Venice, or the Pope himself—is ruined, destroyed by an omission!—an omission for which I would hang myself, if I had a cord."

"What omission?"

"The first service is perfect, Monsignor, the entrées, the pièces de resistance, the side dishes, are all in elegant and finished style; the second course is equal to the first; the third, if possible, surpasses the two others in rarity, in taste, and in composition! but the dessert!—the dessert! Oh! Monsignor, the middle dish is forgotten!"

"What a wonderful mystery!" said little Antonio, in a low voice and smiling mischievously, "they must make one."

"And cannot this be remedied?" said the Duke.

"It would be very difficult; I may say almost impossible, Monsignor."

"Nonsense!—Raise a pyramid—of—something—anything."

"It is that something I cannot find, Monsignor ;

and then, you see, we have but one half-hour before us ; your guests have already arrived."

"If they would listen to me," said Antonio, between his teeth, "I know a way."

"What is to be done? What can be done?" said the Duke.

"Ah! if the design of the repast was not in so noble and elegant a style, we might have——But no, nothing can be done."

"But Pietro, you have spoken of composition. In this case we might consult Pasino, who is a mason and an artist. He might perhaps assist us in this difficulty. But why do you laugh, Antonio? and what are you muttering about? Go, seek your grandfather, and bring him hither."

Laughing in his sleeve Antonio run off, and soon returned dragging on his grandfather, by his leather apron.

After the difficulty had been explained, old Pasino shook his head, and, turning his cap round and round in his thin hard hands, he said ;—

"If it was, save the respect I owe to Monsignor, to rebuild a wall—or repair a capitol—or—"

"It is for a dish, a beautiful middle dish, grand-papa," screamed Antonio, as if the old man had been deaf.

"I know, I understand," said Pasino, still twisting his cap.

"Well! that is clever ; you pretend you can build

palaces, and yet you cannot construct a simple dish of meat."

"Be still, child, don't speak so loud before Monsignor."

Antonio stamped his heel on the ground, and turning away half-ashamed at the reproof he murmured:—"If they would only listen to me!"

"Well! and supposing we listened to you, what advice would you give?" said the Duke, kindly drawing Antonio towards him.

"Pardon me, Monsignor," said Antonio, blushing red as a cherry on finding he had been overheard by the Duke; "if Monsieur Pietro would only give me a large piece of the paste, with which he makes his cakes,——"

"Monsignor is too good in thus listening to this silly boy," said Pasino, vainly making signs to silence his grandson.

"Not only will I listen to him," said the Duke smiling, "but I wish Pietro to be guided by Antonio in making this famous dish. Still further I wish it to be an agreeable surprise for myself and guests.—Antonio, I give you *carte blanche*—but, if you do not succeed, what will you give me in your turn?"

"My ears," said Antonio proudly.

"So let it be."

And the Duke joined his guests.

The dinner was superb, and when the time for placing the dessert arrived, the Duke amused his

guests with the history of the forgotten dish, and the presumption of the mason's little grandson.

It was amusing to see the eyes of the guests fixed on each dish as it was placed on the table. Either purposely, or through malice or some other cause, or perhaps because poor Antonio could not succeed, the dessert was nearly arranged and the famous dish had not appeared,—soon it only was wanted to complete the whole, and the impatience of the guests was no longer restrained.

At length Pietro appeared, carrying a large salver covered with white linen; the salver was placed before the duke, and the cloth removed. Exclamations of delight burst from all around. It was a lion, perfectly and beautifully modelled in paste.

“Bravo! bravo! where is the pastry cook, where is the little mason?”

“Or rather, where is the artist?” said the Duke raising his voice above those around.

And then came forth, from behind Pietro, a pretty little boy, very red, very much ashamed, and yet burning with the fire and eagerness of genius.

But the Duke was too great a friend of the arts and too enlightened, to be blind to the indications of distinguished talent displayed in this chef d'œuvre of the boy. He took Antonio to Venice, and procured for him lessons from the first masters. Four years later, the Duke's protégé set out for Rome with introductions to the most learned and illustrious men there; and the first letter Antonio

delivered was addressed to Volputo, whose pupil he earnestly desired to become.

Volputo presided over a brilliant school of engraving at Rome, and almost all his pupils earned and deserved great celebrity. The first companion and friend whom Antonio found, on entering this studio, was a youth of the same age as himself, named Raphaël Morghen.

In a short time Antonio Canova left his friend to pursue his brilliant career in painting, and yielding to the inspiration of his genius resigned his pencil for the chisel.

In 1792, after a grand banquet given by the Venetian ambassador Zuliano, to the nobility and most celebrated artists in Rome, he invited his guests to enter an adjoining saloon. He wished to show them a group in marble, lately finished by an artist whose name he did not mention.

It was Theseus, conqueror of the Minotaur.

The group was declared by all to be the most beautiful piece of sculpture ever seen.

"Monsignors," exclaimed Zuliano joyfully, "the artist is my compatriot. Master Antonio Canova," added he, searching in the crowd for the young man who was standing modestly in the back-ground, "come, and receive the congratulations you so richly merit."

Canova, my readers, was the most distinguished statuary of his time ; but when any stranger visited his studio, he never failed to relate to them his

history, and particularly his great gratitude towards his first master Volputo.

This, my dear young friends, should give you encouragement, and prove to you that in whatever situation of life God may have placed you : yet with good resolutions, a firm determination, industry and patience, you may almost always attain eminence in your pursuits.

Adelaide.*

I.

"OH! Madam, what a fearful storm! the wind shakes this old chapel, I fear we are not in safety.

These words were addressed, in earnest but whispered tones, by a young girl to her mistress, who was praying before the altar.

"Let us return," said the latter, rising and preparing to leave the chapel.

A vivid flash of lightning illumined the Gothic

* Adelaide, the daughter of Rodolph II., king of Burgundy, was first married to Lothaire, king of Italy, who was poisoned by Beranger, that he might usurp the throne.

After enduring long and severe persecutions, Adelaide married Otho, emperor of Germany. Her life was holy, and no sovereign was ever so lamented by her subjects.

ornaments of the altar. Bertha trembled and made the sign of the cross.

“My lamp will be extinguished in crossing the long gallery. Oh ! Madame, why did you leave your apartment ?”

“We shall be there again in a few minutes.”

Saying these words, Bertha's mistress entered the gallery, the idea of which had so terrified the timid girl. Some ravens had taken refuge there during the storm and, disturbed by the light, flew away croaking. This added to poor Bertha's terror, she seemed petrified.

“Come, take courage, Bertha ; God watches over us in the storm, as well as in the brilliant sunshine. His mercy protects us at all times.”

Bertha breathed more easily on finding herself in Adelaide's apartment, and busied herself in drawing her mistress's couch to the fire, and rubbing her hands and feet, chilled as they had been in the cold chapel.

II.

ADELAIDE was only nineteen, but widow's weeds shaded that brow, from which the royal crown had been torn, on the death of her husband, by Beranger the usurper of the kingdom of Italy. Knowing the deep and devoted love of the Italians for their young and virtuous queen, Beranger wished to secure pos-

session of the throne, by a marriage between his son Adelbert and Adelaide. But the queen firmly rejected this proposition. She had a constant and vivid remembrance of her husband's intolerable sufferings, when, with his pale face drowned in the sweat of agony, he denounced Beranger as the author of his death, whose ambitious desire for the throne had, in fact, prompted him to the commission of this fearful crime.

The refusal of the queen deeply irritated Beranger. Not being able to gain her consent by entreaties, he resolved to conquer her by severity. One night, Adelaide was aroused from slumber, taken from her palace to the castle of Gurdu, and imprisoned in a tower, with faithful Bertha, who resolved to share the captivity of her mistress.

Deep grief and angry astonishment were expressed by the people, when they learnt the abduction of the queen and her imprisonment. Her friends hastily assembled to deliberate on the best measures to be taken under such circumstances; but their expressions of devotion and indignation were quickly suppressed by the threats of tyranny, and the arrest of the queen's most ardent defenders.

III.

ADELAIDE had passed several months in captivity when, one day, the governor of the castle announced

to her the intended visit of Beranger. Some moments after, the king entered.

He bowed to Adelaide casting upon her a penetrating look as if he would read the thoughts of his august captive. The latter received him with dignity and calmness.

Some moments of silence ensued, and then Beranger commenced the conversation in these words :

"I hope, Madam, that reflection and solitude may have somewhat changed your ideas ; you will not surely persist in a refusal, which will sentence you to perpetual captivity, when it only depends on yourself to resume a free and happy life."

"I do not employ my thoughts on future troubles; and I abandon myself to the will of God, who can in one moment destroy your brightest fortunes, and frustrate your wicked designs."

"You are perfectly at liberty, Madam, to found your hopes on your own foolish ideas, but I act upon facts. Do you see this, Madam?"

He presented a paper which he had held in his hand, to the queen. Adelaide took the paper, and glanced through it. It was a plan for her escape, which, when she had perused, she returned to Beranger.

"Well! what do you think of it?" asked he.

"I see," replied she, "that I did not vainly flatter myself on still possessing the attachment of my friends."

"Those friends, Madam, have no means of helping you, but by a civil war, in which they would most certainly be destroyed by my troops. Do you wish to reward their affection by leading them on to certain death, and will you refuse to save them by a marriage which would meet the views of both parties?"

"The marriage, which you so perseveringly and uselessly desire, would deprive me of the affection which consoles my captivity; my friends would believe that I had perjured myself for the sake of resuming my former state, and I should at once lose their esteem and love."

"Well!" replied Beranger, in an angry voice, "from this day, you will be treated with all the severity of a state prisoner, and as the enemy of my government and person."

"You have power over me, and you can do what you will; but one day we shall have the same judge, and then the sufferings of my life will be contrasted with the success of yours."

Beranger arose angrily; his eyes sparkled.

"Your final determination," said he, in a threatening tone.

The queen rose with imposing majesty, and replied, "I remain Lothaire's widow."

An expression of furious hatred contracted the features of Beranger; and he left the room in ominous silence.

IV.

ADELAIDE was separated from Bertha, and transferred into a dungeon used for the worst criminals, the foetid air of which seemed loaded with the tears of the unfortunate wretches who had been there confined.

She, who had so lately been surrounded by the pleasures of a throne, envied at this moment the blessings which the meanest of God's creatures can enjoy, the light of the sun, pure air, the voice of a friend !

The prison doors opened, and a female entered carrying some food.

"Is that you, Bertha?" asked the weeping queen.

"No, Madam," replied a strange voice, "my name is Edga; I am ordered by the governor to bring you food and offer you my services."

Adelaide thanked her, and begged she would tell the governor how much she wished to see Bertha.

"I will obey your orders," replied Edga, and immediately began to wait upon the queen during her sad repast.

"When will you return," asked Adelaide, seeing Edga preparing to leave her.

"I may not return until to-morrow," she answered.

"What! must I remain alone so long?"

"Such are the king's orders, Madam."

Saying these words she took her leave with respectful compassion.

This cruel treatment convinced the unfortunate queen that Beranger now desired her death, as much as he had wished that of Lothaire; but to die in this dreadful solitude was a thought which filled her soul with terror.

Burning tears rolled down her cheeks, she clasped her hands in agony.

“Oh, my God!” she exclaimed, “whence comes this fear of death? Are not the gates of heaven open to your children at every age? and what is life but the means of arriving there. Why do I tremble with fear, I know you will send your angels to receive my last sigh, and they will bear my happy soul to you. I believe all this, and yet I am struck with terror; I should have liked to have been spared a little longer, to have done some good in the world, and to have left behind me a bright example; this was not your will, my God! Then may it be done to me according to thy word.”

Twelve hours after her first visit, Edga returned with food. After she had trimmed the lamp, she approached the queen.

“Madam, you seem ill.”

“Yes, my head is burning, and my mouth is parched.”

“Permit me to inform the governor of your suffering.”

“Go, and ask if Bertha may come to me.”

Some moments afterwards, the door opened, Bertha rushed forward, threw herself at the feet of her royal mistress, covering her hands with kisses and tears.

Shortly after the governor entered with a physician, who, to Bertha's extreme joy, expressed his hope of the queen's recovery.

V.

BUT the severe captivity of the queen and the deprivation of pure air and light, slowly undermined her health. Every day she became weaker, but always gentle and resigned; she never complained, but with the greatest cheerfulness consoled her afflicted Bertha. One day, however, she felt so weak that she thought it necessary to speak of her sufferings to this faithful friend, and to send for a priest.

After having informed Beranger of the illness of the queen, and of her wish for a priest, the governor was ordered to remove her to her former apartment and procure for her the visits of a priest.

When Adelaide again saw the sun shining in heaven, the earth animated with life, and heard the sweet voice of Nature, she felt invigorated, and ineffable joy filled her heart.

"Bertha," said she, "I did wrong to alarm you, I think I shall recover."

"You will not die here, Madame, heaven owes you a reward for your trials."

The Governor had sent for a priest who officiated at a chapel, a short distance from the castle.

This priest was introduced to the queen, and Bertha retired. When the door was shut, the priest cast around him a timid and suspicious look, then throwing himself at the queen's feet, he whispered :

"I am Amanzy, brother of the Count Azzo."

Azzo had led the party who had attempted to arm themselves for the deliverance of Adelaide, and whose attempts were unsuccessful ; their fidelity to the queen cost the chief of this family his head.

"How did you come here?" asked Adelaide of the religious.

"For the last six months, I have been serving the Chapel of Our Blessed Lady of Consolation. I went there that I might more easily profit by any favourable opportunity of serving you, and you see Madam, my hope has not been deceived."

The queen expressed her gratitude for the attachment of her friends, and entreated they would not expose themselves to new dangers on her behalf. Amanzy re-assured her, and said he had to speak to her of a new plan of escape, which had been concerted for sometime. After having rapidly related all that had been, and yet remained to be done, Amanzy concluded, saying,—

"In twenty six days, the third of next month, you will, if we are successful, find a little ivory cross at the bottom of the chapel benitier ; this will inform you that all is ready for your flight, which must

take place at twilight, the time when you generally go to pray in the chapel."

This interview was truly delightful to the queen; but Amanzy, fearing to arouse suspicion if he remained longer, took leave of her, and went to visit the governor, before leaving the castle.

VI.

It was the third of May, and evening was fast approaching; the queen descended with Bertha into the chapel, and the latter rushing towards the benitier, found there the welcome ivory cross.

Adelaide took it in her trembling hands, raised her eyes towards heaven, and knelt in fervent thanksgiving. Bertha stood breathless behind her.

A slight noise caused them to turn towards the side of the chapel, when they saw one of the panels sliding back, and heard a low whisper.

"Come, Madam."

The queen and Bertha advanced towards the spot, and beheld Amanzy. He took Adelaide's hand, and led her down a flight of steps into a cave, from whence issued the subterranean passage prepared for the flight of the queen.

A man enveloped in a large mantle, and carrying a lantern, rushed forward and threw himself at the feet of Adelaide.

It was the count Azzo.

After walking for nearly an hour in perfect silence, and poor Bertha in the greatest terror, they at length emerged into the open air, and found horses awaiting them. A rapid journey brought them to a small hut, when the exhausted queen was glad to throw herself on a bed of sweet fresh hay.

The next day, after putting on country dresses which the count had prepared for them, they resumed their flight, and after travelling many hours, they safely reached the cottage, where Adelaide was to remain concealed until the return of Count Azzo, who, immediately on their arrival thither, had returned to Pavia to assemble the queen's friends, and await the assistance promised by the emperor of Germany.

On learning the flight of the queen, Beranger was furious; he ordered numerous arrests, and caused the greatest terror by his tyrannical conduct. The governor was beheaded, though perfectly innocent of Adelaide's escape, and a great reward was promised to any one who should discover the retreat of the princess.

The emperor Otho had formerly assisted Beranger in the conquest of Lombardy, but, since that period, the complaints of the Italians, the violence of the usurper's government,—the picture, drawn by count Azzo, of the virtues, beauty, and misfortunes of Adelaide, determined the emperor to espouse her cause, and replace her on the throne.

VII.

AMANZY had placed on the grass some fish he had just caught, and Bertha was preparing their frugal repast.

"Have you received any bad news?" asked the queen of Amanzy, who was leaning thoughtfully against a tree.

"No, Madam; but I am astonished at my brother's long silence. He knows your sad position and should methinks evince more haste in relieving it."

"Oh! yes," said Bertha, "our position is indeed frightful. Unsheltered from the heat of day, or the cold of night; our food of the coarsest kind, and hardly sufficient of it. What a fate for a queen! O, why does not God answer our prayers?"

"Because God knows what is best for us, dear Bertha," said the holy princess, "and whether he reserves for me a triumph in this world, or prepares me by affliction to enjoy the blessings of eternity, I am assured that all things are equally dictated by his love."

At this moment, they heard the distant and heavy tramp of horses; and a cloud of dust arose hiding the horizon from their view.

"My God!" exclaimed Bertha, "the queen is discovered!"

Adelaide turned pale, but raised her eyes towards heaven with calm resignation.

Amanzy concealed the queen behind a small hillock, and, drawing the bushes and brambles forward to hide her retreat, awaited the result.

The sound of a horn was heard, and Amanzy joyfully answered the signal. A horseman covered with dust advanced at full speed, Amanzy rushed forward to meet him.

"Where is the count?" asked he.

"In the valley. He is waiting there with a hundred knights, to conduct the queen to the fortress of Carrassa, where she will be in safety."

"God be praised!"

The queen and Bertha followed Amanzy and the messenger. On perceiving Adelaide, the knights lowered their lances in token of respect. The count dismounted, and assisted the queen on her palfrey, the knights formed a triple circle around her, and they commenced their journey at full speed.

In three hours, the queen was in safety, and surrounded by the loyal and devoted members of the Azzo family, who, like herself, had been compelled to take refuge in the fortress of Carassa, the situation of which, on a high and pointed rock, rendered it impregnable.

Treated with the most watchful and affectionate regard, Adelaide's health and spirits were soon restored, and her future seemed tinged with the bright rays of hope.

When Beranger found that the queen and the Azzo family were at Carrassa, he ordered the count's palace at Pavia to be razed to the ground, and hundreds of innocent people became victims to his fury. His tyranny became insupportable, but his punishment was approaching. The emperor of Germany was marching towards Italy.

Beranger in vain collected his troops, and raised ramparts powerless to defend him; the hour of justice had arrived; he was defeated.

VIII.

THREE months after the victorious entry of the emperor Otho into Lombardy, the bells of the Capital rang merrily. Triumphal arches were seen in every direction, the fronts of the houses were hung with rich carpets and stuffs, the streets were strewn with flowers and rung with the joyous acclamations of the delighted people.

"Joy, joy!" they exclaimed on every side. "Long live the husband of our beloved queen!"

The emperor mounted on a white horse, and surrounded by the nobility of Germany and Italy, advanced to meet Adelaide, who came forth in all her beauty, to unite her fate with that of Otho.

She was in an open carriage of azure blue, and ornamented with silver stars, Her robe was em-

broidered with gold and precious stones, and a crown of diamonds sparkled on her noble brow.

When the emperor arrived near the carriage, he dismounted from his horse, and took his place by the side of the queen, who, for a moment, knelt to receive him as her sovereign.

The emperor immediately raised her; again and again, acclamations arose from the surrounding multitude and the air was darkened with a shower of flowers.

Warlike music mingled with the nuptial chants which accompanied the cortége to the church.

After the ceremony, as the empress was leaving the church, those of the people who were the nearest to her threw themselves on their knees, begging her blessing. One woman pushed with frantic efforts through the crowd, holding in her arms a pale sickly infant.

“Queen! queen!” exclaimed she, “only touch my son and he will be cured.”

So much maternal hope, and faith in the sanctity of the empress was expressed in the countenance of the poor woman, that deeply affected, Adelaide caressed with her hand the brow of the suffering child, which recovered its health, and, with its mother, lived to be a partaker of the plenty of good food and clothing, with which the generosity of the empress supplied them both.

For several days fête succeeded fête, throughout

Pavia, and the noble couple were everywhere received with enthusiastic affection. The people's song of joy and gladness even reached the spot, where Beranger was striving to hide his mortification, and he felt his hatred to Adelaide redoubled.

It was in vain that his wife and his son Adalbert sought to calm his ambitious and remorseful heart.

Solitary and wretched, he would pass hours buried in painful reflections, then he would suddenly start, his features would become convulsed, his face livid, his eyes turned haggard and blood-shot; and his excited imagination would bring before him the pale shade of the murdered Lothaire, threatening him with the judgments of God.

Great honours were granted to the Azzo family, whose zeal and love for their sovereign had been so courageously and faithfully shown.

Bertha never quitted the empress, and their mutual affection never abated.

Every situation of life served to display the great virtues of Adelaide. We have seen this princess calm and resigned under the oppression of Beranger, and in the wandering life of fatigue and danger which followed her escape. Replaced in the eminent position where every eye was directed towards her as to a lovely star, she was charitable to the unfortunate, the tried friend to the oppressed, and the benefactress of all. She showed a maternal solicitude for her husbands subjects, and used the power which

her many noble qualities gave her over the mind of Otho to benefit merit and misfortune.

History speaks of her as a great queen ; the Church, as a great saint.

Joze Ribeira ; or, The Prudent Choice.

ON a fine summer morning, in the year 1608, a delicate looking youth passed along the Corso at Rome.

His slight attenuated figure gave him almost an infantine appearance, but his thoughtful, intelligent countenance and sparkling eye, declared his real age—fifteen years.

After having gazed, for some moments, at a fresco by Michael Angelo Buonarotti, which decorated the exterior of the palace opposite to which he was standing, the youth retreated a few steps, and seating himself on a large stone, began to copy the beautiful picture before him.

The Corso, although so crowded in the evening, with riders and pedestrians, is little frequented during the day ; thus for nearly an hour, our young artist had remained undisturbed in his occupation.

when a hand was laid gently on his shoulder, and a benevolent voice asked :

“What is your name, my child?”

Instead of giving an immediate reply to this question, the young artist proudly raised his head, as if to enquire who dared to interrogate him thus familiarly ; but at the sight of the *carretta* on the head of the venerable old man, standing by his side, he rose and said in a respectful tone :

“My name is José, please your Eminence.”

“José!” repeated the cardinal ; “Are you not an Italian?”

The French and English name Joseph is translated José in Spanish, and Giuseppe in Italian, of which Peppo is the diminutive.

“No, your Eminence ; I was born at Xativa, in Valencia.”

“And why did you come to Rome?”

“My father took me to Naples, three years since. Having finished the business which led him thither, he returned to Spain, and I remained in the studio of Michael Angelo Caravaggio, who received me amongst his pupils.”

“When did you leave Naples?”

“When my master went to Malta. I have been in Rome, please your Eminence, nearly a month.”

“How do you employ your time?”

“I study, Monsignor.”

“Where?”

“In the streets, the squares——Wherever I see a

beautiful fresco, a marble group, a bronze statue, by any of the great artists, who have been the glory of the Roman schools, I take my pencil and copy it."

"What do you do with your sketches?"

"I sell them to a broker."

"Is this your only means of existence?"

"Yes, Monsignor."

"Would you not rather labour for study only, and not for an existence?"

"Whilst I can do both at once, I have no reason to complain."

"But would you not be happier, if you were lodged and supported at the house of a protector, a friend?"

"Yes, Monsignor, provided this friend, this protector, left me free to draw and paint, when and where I pleased."

"Come to my palace; you will find there a beautiful picture gallery, where you may study from morning till night."

"I thank you, Monsignor," replied Josè, without however rising to accept the cardinal's kind invitation.

"Well!" said the latter a little astonished, "does not my proposition tempt you?"

"Monsignor, I fear that were I to accept it, I should destroy my future prospects."

"How so?" said the cardinal still more surprised.

"The nobility," replied the youth, in a quiet tone of conviction, "have all kinds of amusements and

enjoyments, which must naturally distract the mind from serious occupations, and I wish and hope to be, one day, a great artist, Monsignor."

"But even so, come with me," said the cardinal smiling, "you shall not be fettered. If living at my house does not suit you, I promise you shall be free to follow your present mode of life."

"On this condition, your Eminence," replied the little Spaniard, in the tone of a person making a great concession, "why—I will follow you."

And the cardinal took José to his palace.

The young man, treated with the most indulgent kindness by his Eminence, who had conceived a great affection for him, was not long, as he himself had feared and predicted, before he felt his ardour for study decrease, and the languor of idleness gain insensibly upon him.

Terrified at this change in his feelings, the young man resolutely resolved to tear himself away from the luxurious life which was weakening his naturally energetic mind.

After residing for a year with the cardinal, he took leave of the latter, left Rome, went first to Modena, then to Parma, and then returned to Naples, where, notwithstanding his talent, or rather his genius, he for a long time gained but a mean existence.

After persevering exertions he at length succeeded in acquiring not only fame, but those riches

and honours so bountifully bestowed in Italy, on eminent artists.

Josè Ribeira, called Spagnoletto,—a name given him in the studio of Caravaggio—has always painted sombre subjects, such as Ixion, Saint Bartholomew, which latter picture won for him his renown. That of “The Adoration of the Shepherds,” in the Museum of the Louvre, is however an admirable exception to his usual style.

Sebastian Gomez ;
OR,
THE ZOMBI OF THE STUDIO.

ON a fine summer morning, in the year 1630, several young men might have been seen advancing from various parts of the city of Seville towards the house of the famous artist Murillo. Two or three met at the outer gate, and waiting until their companions joined them, leisurely entered the house, and went into the studio, addressing each other kindly and familiarly by their names, Isturitz, Fernandez, Mendez, Gonzalo, and Cordova.

Their master was not in the room, and each pupil advanced eagerly to his own easel, to examine his previous day's work, to see if his painting had dried, or perhaps to admire his work.

"By St. James of Compostella!" exclaimed Isturitz, "who amongst you, gentlemen, was the last in the studio."

"Are you dreaming?" replied Fernandez and Cordova, in one voice, "do you not remember we all left at the same time?"

"It is a very bad joke, Messieurs, I must say," observed Isturitz, in an ill-tempered tone, "I cleaned my palette yesterday, with great care; and this morning it is as dirty, as if one of you had used it all night."

"Look at this little face on the corner of my canvas!" said Carlos; "I am sure it is very well done. I wonder who can thus amuse himself every morning? Sometimes, the paintings are on my canvas, and sometimes on the wall. I think, Fernandez, you found one on your easel yesterday?"

"It is the work of Isturitz; his palette proves it," said Fernandez.

"I swear it is not, Messieurs."

"Don't swear, we believe you; you are not clever enough to paint such a face as this."

"Well! I paint better than you, Carlos."

"My brushes are wet!" interrupted Gonzalo, "By our patron! something extraordinary comes here every night."

"Don't you think, with our old negro Gomez, that it is the Zombi?" said Isturitz.

"If it is old Gomez' Zombi that does those beautiful things," said Mendez, who had not yet spoken, so intently had he been occupied in examining one of these little paintings, a bold and astonishing composition; and of which a greater or less number were found every morning, scattered here and there,

as if showered down in the night,—“ I wish the same Zombi would sketch the head of the Blessed Virgin,* in my Descent from the Cross ; I can dream of her beauty, but my pencil cannot pourtray anything so exquisite and chaste.”

Carelessly uttering these words, Mendez approached his easel, a loud exclamation escaped his lips, and he remained motionless and pale before his painting.

A beautiful head of the Blessed Virgin met his gaze. It was a sketch merely, but the expression of the countenance was admirable, every line was correct, the contour of the face was perfectly beautiful, and it seemed springing from the midst of the surrounding figures, as if it was some unexpected heavenly visitant.

“ What is the matter here ? ” asked a rough and broken voice, arousing the pupils from their astonishment. They turned towards the door, and bowed respectfully to him who entered.

“ Look for yourself, seignior Murillo,” said a student pointing towards Mendez’ easel.

“ Who has sketched that ? who has sketched that head, Messieurs ? ” asked Murillo impatiently, “ Speak—speak directly ; he who has sketched this virgin, will one day excel us all. Well ! well,” added he, finding all were silent ; “ Well ! no one speaks ; but Murillo wishes he had done this, Messieurs. By my

* “ For behold, from henceforth, all generations shall call me blessed.”
—*St. Luke*, i., 48.

father's soul! what a touch, what delicacy! what sweetness! Mendez, my dear pupil, is it your work? Speak!"

"No, Seignior," said Mendez, in a mortified tone.

"Is it yours, Isturitz? or yours, Fernandez? or yours, Gomez?"

But each replied: "No, Seignior, it is not my work."

"But it could not have painted itself," said Murillo impatiently.

"I believe it did, Seignior," answered Cordova, the youngest pupil, who was greatly terrified at these daily apparitions; "and this is not the only supernatural thing that has happened in your studio. I am sure there are ghosts here, Seignior."

"I am not so foolish as Cordova," said Mendez, "but——"

"Thank you," said Cordova.

"You are welcome, my dear friend; but as I was saying, Seignior, although I am not so foolish as Cordova, yet I must own that, for some time, things have occurred here exceeding all belief."

"What things?" said Murillo, still gazing at the head of the Virgin, done by the unknown hand.

"According to your orders, Seignior," continued Fernandez, "we never leave the studio without placing all in order, cleaning our palettes, drying our brushes, and arranging our easels; and in the morning, when we arrive, not only do we find everything turned upside down, our brushes full of paint, and our palettes dirty; but also, here and there, all

• kinds of beautiful designs. Sometimes the head of an angel, or that of a devil ; then perhaps, the profile of a young girl, or the figure of an old man ; but all are perfect, Seignior, as you may judge by this specimen ; and if he who works better in the night than we can do in the day, be not yourself, we must all believe with Cordova, that it is either a ghost or the devil."

"I would this had been my work, Messieurs, and assuredly I would not disown one of these features, or even a single line ; the sketch, however, wants a little finish ; but it is beautiful—admirable—Sebastian ! Sebastian !" shouted he ; "Sebastian ! We will soon know who has done this, Messieurs. Sebastian," added he, addressing a Mulatto boy about fourteen years of age, who had hastened at his call. "Did I not tell you to sleep here every night?"

"Yes, master," said the terrified boy.

"And do you sleep here?"

"Yes, master."

"Then tell me, who came here last night, or this morning before these Messieurs ? Speak, vile slave, or you shall make acquaintance with my cane," said Murillo angrily to the child, who was silently twisting the corner of his apron.

"Ah ! Will you not answer?" added Murillo pulling his ear.

"No one, master, no one," said Sebastian, hastily.

"You lie, Sebastian."

No one, but myself, I swear to you," said Sebas-

tian throwing himself on his knees in the middle of the studio, and extending his supplicating hands towards his master.

"Listen to me attentively," replied Murillo. "I will know who has sketched this head of the Blessed Virgin, and all the other figures which my pupils find every morning on entering the studio; to-night—instead of sleeping, you will watch, and if you do not discover the guilty person, you may expect to-morrow, to receive twenty-five lashes; now you understand, I mean what I say; off with you, and grind your colours; and you, Messieurs, to work."

The lesson commenced, at first calmly enough; master Murillo was there, and thoroughly devoted to, and absorbed in his art, he never would tolerate in his studio any conversation, but such as immediately related to painting; as soon as he left the room, however, his pupils tried to make up for their long silence, and as they were all curious and interested about these beautiful little sketches, which seemed created each night, only to give place to others on the following night; the conversation naturally turned on this subject.

Mendez spoke first, "Take care of the whip, Sebastian, if you do not discover our invisible painter before to-morrow.—Be kind enough to give me the Naples yellow."

"You do not need it, Seignior Mendez; you have already used too much.—As to the unknown artist, I tell you again it is the Zombi."

"These negroes are idiots, with their Zombi." said Gonzalo laughing.

"You had better look at your work, Seignior Gonzalo," said Sebastian, with a mischievous glance, "for it is doubtless the Zombi who has so lengthened the arm of your Saint John, that if the other resembles it, the Saint might untie his sandals without stooping."

"Do you know, Messieurs, that Sebastian's remarks are very correct," said Isturitz, glancing at Gonzalo's Saint John.

"Oh, yes! they say that negroes are monkeys with parrots' tongues," said Gonzalo with affected indifference.

"A parrot can only repeat what it hears, but Sebastian judges correctly," observed Fernandez.

"By chance, like the parrot," repeated Gonzalo.

"He is always grinding colours, so it is not very astonishing that he should be able to distinguish them," said Mendez, who had not forgotten the Naples yellow.

"To distinguish them, yes, but to know how to use them is very different, Messieurs," replied Sebastian, whom the freedom of the studio often permitted to join in the conversation of the pupils, and true to say, the intelligence and judgment of the slave were such, that his advice and suggestions were often followed by the students: in addition to this, they all liked him well, and on this particular evening, of which we are writing, there was not one who

did not, on parting, kindly tap him on the shoulder, saying :—

“ Watch well, Sebastian ; catch the Zombi ; or you will have the twenty-five lashes.”

* * * * *

It was night, and the studio of Seignior Murillo, the most famous painter in Seville, the studio so gay in the day,—so noisy and animated, was silent and solitary,—a single lamp was burning on a marble table, and not far from the table stood a young boy, leaning on an easel, whose dusky hue would have made him almost imperceptible in the dark shade around him, but for his bright sparkling eyes.

Motionless and erect, the boy appeared absorbed in thought, and his meditation was evidently of a serious nature, since the door of the studio was roughly pushed open, and his name was uttered twice without obtaining any reply. The third time Sebastian looked up and saw a tall handsome negro at his side.

“ What do you want, father ?” said he, in a melancholy voice.

“ To keep you company, Sebastian.”

“ It is useless, father, you had better go to bed, I will watch alone.”

“ And if the Zombi comes.”

Sebastian smiled sadly.

“ I have no fear of that.”

“ He might carry you away, my son, and the poor

negro Gomez would then have no consolation in his slavery."

"Oh! how dreadful it is to be a slave, father!" said the boy, bursting into tears.

"What do you mean, my son? It is the will of God!" said the negro.

"God!" said the boy, gazing through the glazed dome of the studio at the bright and starry sky, "God! I pray to him so often, father, that he will listen to me, and we shall be free.—But go to rest, father, do go; I shall make my bed on this straw mat and sleep. Good night, father, good night!"

"And have you really no fear of the Zombi, Sebastian?"

"Dear father, you know that a belief in the Zombi is a superstition of our country; the good friar Eugenio has explained to us both, that there are not any supernatural beings on this earth; God does not permit it."

"Then, when the pupils ask you every morning, who has sketched these figures, why do you always reply the Zombi?"

"To excuse myself, father, and make them laugh, that is all."

Then, good night," said Gomez, and after having embraced his son, he retired.

When Sebastian saw himself alone, he bounded joyfully across the studio:—"Now to work," cried he, but suddenly recollecting himself, he resumed—
Twenty-five lashes to-morrow, if I do not say who

has drawn these sketches, and perhaps more if I do say.—Oh, my God, inspire me !”

And Sebastian knelt upon the mat that was to have been his bed. But weariness overpowered him in the midst of his prayer, and leaning against the wall, he was soon fast asleep. At early dawn, Sebastian awoke. It was only three o'clock. Another boy would have slept again ; but Sebastian had only three hours of which he could dispose, only three precious hours of liberty.

“ Courage, courage ! Sebastian !” said he, arousing himself ; “ you have only three hours, my boy, profit by them, be your own master for at least three hours.—First,” said he, “ I will efface all these figures, and taking a brush, he dipped it in oil ; then he approached the painting of the Blessed Virgin, which lightened as it was, by the soft grey morning light, appeared more beautiful and lovely than before.

“ Efface it,” added he, “ efface it !—no, I would rather be beaten, be killed ; efface it ! they have not dared to do so, and shall I have more courage than they.—Oh ! no, this head lives, it breathes, it speaks ! How can I destroy it, no, I will finish it rather.”

With this idea half-expressed, Sebastian set to work. The day brightened, time passed on, but all was unheeded by Sebastian, so absorbed was he in his work. “ Yet a darker shade here,” said he, “ and a softer tint there, and then this mouth—Oh ! my God, it opens !—the eyes gaze lovingly upon me—

this forehead ! what divine purity ! Oh ! my beautiful Holy Virgin !” And Sebastian forgot his slavery, the twenty-five lashes ; he forgot all, everything, but his composition ; he only saw the head of the Blessed Virgin, and she seemed to smile on him. Poor boy ! he was struck motionless with terror, when hearing a noise behind him, he turned, and saw all the students with his master at their head. He attempted no justification of his conduct ; with his palette in one hand, his brushes in the other, his head slightly bent down, he silently awaited the punishment which he believed he merited.

For some moments no one spoke, for if Sebastian was petrified at being caught at his work, his master and the students were not less surprised at what they saw. ◆

At length, Murillo approached Sebastian, and concealing his emotion under a cold and severe manner, and looking alternately at his slave, who appeared changed into stone, and then at the beautiful head of the Virgin, which seemed breathing in its loveliness, he said :

“ Who has been your master, Sebastian ?”

“ You,” replied the boy, in a scarcely intelligible voice.

“ Your master in painting, Sebastian ?”

“ You, Seignior,” answered the trembling slave.

“ I have never given you any lessons,” said the astonished Murillo.

“ But you gave lessons to others, and I listened to

your instructions," said the boy, emboldened by the softened tone of his master.

"And you have done more than listen, you have profited by them," said the painter, who could no longer conceal his admiration; "Messieurs," added he, turning towards the pupils, "this boy deserves either punishment or reward."

"A reward, Seignior, exclaimed all the students.

"It is well; but what reward?"

Sebastian began to breathe more freely.

"Ten ducats at least," said Mendez.

"Oh! fifteen, Messieurs," added Fernandez.

"No," said Gonzalo, "give him a new fine suit of clothes, for the feast of the Blessed Virgin."

"Well! we will see, speak Sebastian," said Murillo, looking at his slave, whom none of these promises had seemed to interest in the least, "Will any of these rewards please you. I am so delighted with your compositions, your light and beautiful touch, your colours, this head, and, in fact, with all you have done, that I will give you anything you wish; tell me your desires freely, and I swear to you, Sebastian, by the soul of my father, that whatever you ask, if it is in my power to grant, you shall have it."

"Oh! master, if I dared——"

And Sebastian threw himself on his knees, before his master, with clasped hands, but speechless; he seemed as if he longed to express some overwhelming desire, but dared not.

Wishing to encourage him, or suggest some plea-

ture, each pupil advanced, under one pretext or another, and tapping him kindly on the shoulder, whispered :—" Ask him for gold, Sebastian."

" Ask him for new clothes, Sebastian."

" Ask him to receive you as a pupil, Sebastian."

A momentary expression of joy brightened the eyes of the boy, at these words of Mendez ; but it was only momentary.

" Ask him to give you the best place for light," said Gonzalo, whose easel, as belonging to the last comer, was the worst placed in the room.

" Come, Sebastian, take courage," said Murillo, smiling at what he deemed, the indecision of the boy, " Say at once what you wish."

" Our master is so kind to day," whispered Fernandez, " risk everything, Sebastian, ask him for your liberty."

Sebastian uttered a cry of anguish, then raising his eyes towards his master, he exclaimed in a voice half-suffocated by tears :

" Oh ! grant me, my father's freedom ! Master, make my father free !"

" And you also my boy," said Murillo, no longer endeavouring to conceal his feelings, he pressed Sebastian affectionately to his heart ; " your pencil declares you have genius, and your petition proves you have a good heart ; the artist is complete ! For the future, remember you are not only my pupil, but my son. Happy Murillo ! I have done more than executed a painting, I have made a painter."

Murillo kept his word, and Sebastian Gomez, no longer known by the name of Murillo's mulatto, became, thanks to his master, one of the most distinguished painters of whom Spain can boast. There may be still seen in the churches of Seville, his Blessed Virgin with the Infant Jesus in her arms, a very beautiful St. Anne, a striking picture of St. Joseph, and especially, what many have deemed his *chef d'œuvre*, Our Saviour tied to the pillar, with St. Peter at his feet.

Casimir Delavigne, a noted French poet, has written a play in which the hero, Don Juan, disowns his origin, and when told he is *a nobody*, replies "That man cannot be *a nobody*, who is possessed of resolution."

I think this reply so true, my dear young friends, that with it, I will take my leave of you. In most of my Tales, I have placed before you children, who though born of poor and humble parents, have yet succeeded by merit and industry in gaining pre-eminence. If it be good and noble to support with honour the name of a long line of ancestors, it is still better and more noble to win a name for one's self, and my heart whispers a hope, that amongst the readers of this book, there may be more than one, who excited and encouraged by my narratives, will fervently exclaim, with a firm resolve to keep his word ;—

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